Week ending March 21 1953
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JOHN BULL

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EDITORIAL

"As sure as . . ."

NEXT week eggs come off the ration—and off comes the price control, too. This may soon mean eggs priced at a shilling each, according to one M.P.

Or it may mean that prices will rise by only a little, as the Food Minister hoped.

But eggs are already something of a luxury. Even at the present controlled price of fivepence, they are too dear for many people to buy in quantity.

POULTRY-KEEPERS want to increase the number of chickens and bring the price of eggs down. But they blame the shortage—and expense—of grain.

The poultry secretary of the National Farmers' Union, Major Ian McDougall, says: "Egg-producers are getting only one-fifth of their prewar supply of feeding stuffs. We certainly need a great deal more."

MAJOR McDOUGALL
Speaks for egg-producers

There are two possible sources of corn and other grain: from abroad and from our own land.

THE government refuses to spend any more dollars on imports. This leaves Britain's farmers with the job of producing more and cheaper corn.

To encourage them, the Ministry of Agriculture is offering £5 an acre for the growing of corn on land which has not previously been ploughed for ten years. But many farmers do not feel that this is enough.

"This country is peculiarly fitted to produce eggs," said Mr. Tom Williams, when Minister of Agriculture. Last month Mr. Churchill added: "We must wring the last ounce of food from our land."

Yet the retail price of eggs has been higher, even when subsidized, than in almost any other country in Europe.

BEFORE the war, we produced about 137 eggs a year at home for everyone, and imported fifty-four more. Today we produce about 165 and import twenty-nine, a total of just three more than before.

But now everyone expects to eat eggs—and, anyway, everyone *should* have the chance to eat this most nutritious of all foods.

The spring flush of eggs should keep prices down and supplies up at present. The real testing time will come when the hens get lazy in late summer.

The government should increase the ploughing-up grant and spend some dollars on feeding stuffs. Or it will incur the wrath of every housewife—as sure as eggs is eggs.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE story of Sir Walter Raleigh laying down his cloak for Queen Elizabeth may not be true, but it has been a lesson in courtesy for centuries. Fashions change, and the modern gallant has an umbrella, but artist Alexander Oliphant hopes that, as nylon-clad legs step out into the new Elizabethan age, old-world chivalry will return. A Glasgow Art School graduate, Oliphant is well known to JOHN BULL readers for his dramatic illustrations to stories.

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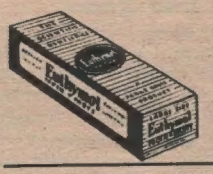

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BOOK of the MONTH

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FREE SPEECH

Lesson of a village by-pass

I AM fortunate enough to live in a charming and peaceful village. Glancing through my local paper the other day, I found that all this is to be shattered if the planners have their way. A reader's letter told me that a proposed by-pass will be cut alongside our recreation ground. This scheme is likely to endanger our children's safety, besides affecting the rural nature of our community.

I showed the letter to my neighbours, who knew nothing of the scheme. "It serves us right," said one, "we never attend council meetings or read the paper thoroughly." I shall certainly pay careful attention to local events in future, and I advise all ratepayers to do the same.—I. C. S., Shepperton, Middlesex.

Off The Scent

FEELING the need to treat myself to something special, I bought a bottle of expensive perfume. A few hours later I found that I could not bear the scent which had so delighted me in the shop. A doctor told me later never to buy perfumes or other scented toilet goods after eating a meal. He said that, particularly after a large meal, the sense of smell slackens, and that the best time to sample the perfume counter is before a meal. The smell senses are then very acute.—MRS. L. GUTHRIE, Cleveleys, Blackpool.

The explanation is not the whole truth. The smell senses tire very easily, so that a rose will appear to have lost its perfume if it is smelt continuously for several minutes. Nearness to strong odours tires the smell senses for some time.

Spider Disturbed

SPIDERS are very badly treated by the human race—particularly at this time of year, as spring-cleaning begins. They will be flushed from their hiding-places in our homes; mostly places where they could well be left to carry on the good work. Their disturbers will then, no doubt, go out to buy a fly-swatter.—W. HIGGINGS, Northwich, Cheshire.

Private Lines

YOUR correspondent who prefers the telephone in the dining-room ("Free Speech," February 28) has obviously never tried telephoning with television on. And how can anyone talk to the boy friend with the family all ears? Give me the cold hall any time; there are always the stairs to sit on.—MISS M. A. PARKER, Endway, Surbiton, Surrey.

. . . We found the phone in the dining-room most inconvenient. Lack of privacy made calls very one-sided. Now, thank goodness, the phone has been moved to the hall. — A. F., Aberdeen.

. . . As a telephone engineer, I should like to point out that the subscriber can choose where the phone is to go. In any case, the G.P.O. will always move a phone for a nominal charge. — D. R. WILSON, Meadow Road, Grays, Essex.

Flying Copy

THIS is how the Russians were able to copy the Flying Fortress, and produce their TU-4 ("Free Speech," February 7). The 175th B-29 to leave Boeing's works at Wichita in the U.S.A. was christened the General H. H. Arnold Special at an elaborate ceremony. After completing eleven missions, it disappeared. In 1945 it was revealed that it had come down in Vladivostock after running out of fuel. Three other B-29s later fell into Russian hands. On Russia's Aviation Day in July, 1948, a formation of TU-4s appeared in public.—JOHN H. WOLFF, Eltham Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

Air Ministry version: A B-29 came down at Vladivostock in July, 1944. The TU-4 made its first public appearance in Moscow at the fly-past in August, 1947.

Insult And Injury

VISITING London Zoo with his parents one day, my small brother decided to feed the elephants. He cautiously proffered a bun, but when one of the elephants reached out with his trunk, my brother nervously withdrew his hand. After this had happened several times, the elephant became extremely annoyed, pushed its trunk through the bars, and slapped my brother's face. — K. R. ASHTON, Fidlas Road, Cardiff.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ERIC BARKER

by John Ennis

Shoplifting Penalty

SURELY, in England, a girl would not receive a six-months prison sentence for a first offence, as described in "The Cop And The Copperknob" (JOHN BULL, February 21)?—MISS I. L., Spooner Avenue, Liverpool, 21.

Legally, she could have received a twelve-months sentence—the maximum a London stipendiary magistrate can give for larceny offences. Many magistrates are becoming more strict towards shoplifting offenders.

Dogs Must Wait

TWO years ago, a butcher in Chandlersford, near here, fitted hitching rails for dogs outside his shop, as suggested by Miss A. M., of Renfrewshire ("Free Speech," February 28). They are a great success.—D. K. H., Southampton.

. . . This idea has been widely adopted in Denmark, where hooks are sometimes used instead of rails. During eighteen months in Copenhagen, I never saw a fight.—J. W. ATKINS, Tarry Road, Birmingham, 8.

Dialling DONation

IN twenty-four hours the Swiss collected one thousand francs for the Lord Mayor of London's flood relief fund. The Swiss post office announced that all subscribers could dial a certain number, and state the donation they wished to make. The post office immediately paid the money to the fund, charging the subscriber on his next phone bill.—MRS. A. THOMPSON, Ermington Crescent, Birmingham.

Wrong Way Round

COMPARED with other Royal coats of arms I have seen, the lion and the unicorn over J. F. Harper's shop at Ballater seem to be the wrong way round ("Ballater—The Queen's Holiday Village," JOHN BULL, February 28). Is there any specific reason?—G. C., Lancs.

The College of Arms says: "This is probably a variation introduced by a local craftsman. The correct coat of arms has the lion on the left and the unicorn on the right, not as in the photograph above."

Readers' Choice

PEOPLE who call at my lending library are reluctant to borrow a book written in the first person. "Oh, that's an 'I' book," they say, and replace it on the shelf. Personally, I enjoy this type of fiction, because it is more intimate. — L. COLEMAN, Hanham, Bristol.

Caveman Shopping

IN Tottenham Court Road, London, I took a census of passers-by. Of a hundred women, ninety-six carried parcels, handbags or shopping bags; forty-two had two bags; of the other four, two had newspapers, and two carried their gloves. Out of a hundred men, four had brief cases, one a shopping bag, one a string bag, and three carried bags of sweets. Of the remaining ninety-one, fifteen held newspapers. The rest were empty-handed. I thought it was only primitive people who treated their women as beasts of burden.—J. M., Twickenham, Middlesex.

Generous Nature

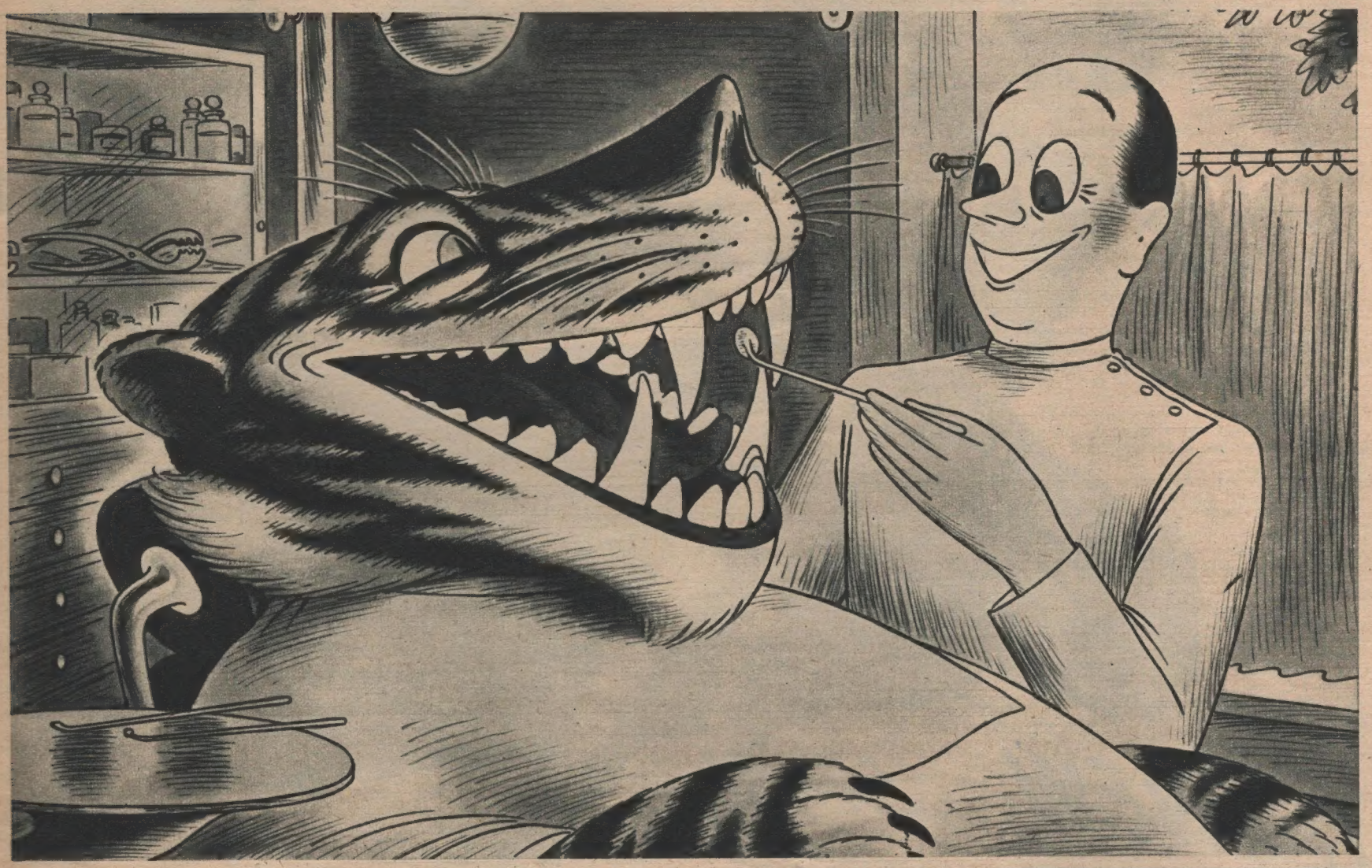
MY seedsman charges sixpence for a packet of about twelve zinnia seeds, yet a single bloom, which I kept from last year, yielded 350. — S. G. BARNES, Gatton Road, London, S.W.17.

Wet And Welcome

POST offices and banks should provide damping pads on the customer's side of the counter. After buying half a dozen stamps, I find licking them an inconvenience; in the bank, I could check my notes more effectively with a moistened finger.—W. A. B., South Benfleet, Essex.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

"Gums...perfect, Teeth...sound as a bell!"



For a tiger, it's just a question of foods. The tiger's foods are tough and hard. So his teeth and gums are tough and hard too.

Our foods are soft and easy-to-eat. That's why we need to use Gibbs SR for our teeth and gums. For soft foods mean soft gums, very liable to gum infections. *And gum infections cause more tooth losses than decay does.* Brushing with SR toughens up the gums to resist infections.

Question: **IS WHITENESS ENOUGH?**

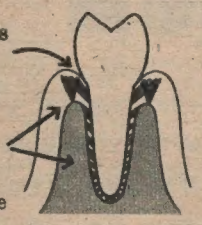
A. No. Gum infections can attack the whitest teeth.

Q. *What does SR stand for?*

A. SR stands for Sodium Ricinoleate, the actual substance dentists use to clear up infected gums. SR soaks into infected gums, fights infections *from within.*

Q. *How do gum infections affect the teeth?*

A. Gum infections start between the teeth and gums, destroy the fibres that hold the teeth in the gums, leave the teeth loose and useless.



Q. *How does SR protect the gums?*

A. Brushing with SR definitely toughens up the gums, stimulates them to resist infections. It does, in fact, what chewing hard tough foods does for the tiger!

Be quite sure your teeth are safe. See your dentist twice a year and brush teeth *and gums* with Gibbs SR twice a day.

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Cora looked round innocently at the family. "But he *was* murdered, wasn't he?" she said. For a moment, there was complete silence in the room

Hercule Poirot, world-famous detective, returns in a great new novel

AFTER THE FUNERAL

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

OLD LANSCOMBE MOVED totteringly from room to room, pulling up the blinds. Now and then he peered with screwed-up rheumy eyes through the windows. Soon they would be coming back from the funeral. He shuffled along a little faster. There were so many windows.

Enderby Hall was a vast Victorian house built in the Gothic style. In every room the curtains were of rich faded brocade or velvet. Some of the walls were still hung with faded silk. In the green drawing-room, the old butler glanced up at the portrait above the mantelpiece. A good master, Mr. Richard. And taken very sudden, he'd been, though of course the doctor had been attending him for some little time. The old man shook his head as he hurried through a connecting door into the White Boudoir. His mind went ranging back to a time that stood out clearly and distinctly—much more distinctly than the last twenty years or so, which were all blurred and confused; he couldn't really remember who had come and gone or indeed what they looked like. But he could remember the old days well enough.

More like a father to those young brothers and sisters of his, Mr. Richard had been. Twenty-four when his father had died, and he'd pitched in right away to the business, going off every day as punctual as clockwork, and keeping the house running and everything as lavish as it could be. A very happy

THE HEIRS OF RICHARD ABERNETHIE

HELEN — widow of Richard Abernethie's brother, Leo; fiftyish, intelligent and charming. Richard's favourite relative

MAUDE—wife of Richard's brother, Timothy. A very capable, tweedy woman, devoted to her hypochondriac husband

SUSAN—Richard's niece; firm-willed. Family snobbishly deplored her marrying Greg Banks, a nervy chemist's assistant

GEORGE CROSSFIELD —nephew; good looking, rather shifty; unmarried. Works in a lawyer's office —not a reputable firm

ROSAMUND — Richard's niece; pretty, scatter-brained wife of Michael Shane. Both on the stage; and both out of work

household with all those young ladies and gentlemen growing up.

Although he was the eldest, Mr. Richard himself turned out the strongest of the lot. Outlived them all, he had—at least, not quite, because Mr. Timothy was still alive and little Miss Cora who'd married that unpleasant artist chap. Twenty-five years since he'd seen her and she'd been a pretty young girl when she went off with that chap, and now he'd hardly have known her, grown so plump—and so arty-crafty in her dress! A Frenchman her husband had been, or nearly a Frenchman—and no good ever came of marrying one of *them*! But Miss Cora had always been a bit—well, *simple like* you'd call it if she'd lived in a village. Always one of them in a family.

She'd remembered him all right. "Why, it's Lanscombe!" she'd said and seemed ever so pleased to see him. Ah, they'd all been fond of him in the old days, and when there was a dinner party they'd crept down to the pantry and he'd given them jelly and charlotte russe when it came out of the dining-room. They'd all known old Lanscombe, and now there was hardly anyone who remembered. . . .

He roused himself; what was he doing standing here and dreaming about old days with so much to be done? They'd be back in a minute or two now for certain.

He broke into a shuffling trot.

THE cars drove up one after the other and the people issuing from them in their black clothes moved rather uncertainly across the hall and into the big green drawing-room. In the big steel grate a fire was burning, tribute to the first chill of the autumn days and calculated to counteract the further chill of standing about at a funeral.

Lanscombe entered the room, offering glasses of sherry on a silver tray.

Mr. Entwhistle, senior partner of the old and respected firm of Bollard, Entwhistle, Entwhistle and Bollard, stood with his back to the fireplace warming himself. He accepted a glass of sherry, and surveyed the company with his shrewd lawyer's gaze.

Appraising old Lanscombe first, Mr. Entwhistle thought to himself: getting very shaky, poor old chap—going on for ninety I shouldn't wonder. Well, he'll have that nice little annuity. Nothing for *him* to worry about. Faithful soul No such thing as old-fashioned service nowadays. A sad world. Just as well, perhaps, poor Richard didn't last his full time. He hadn't much to live for.

To Mr. Entwhistle, who was seventy-two, Richard Abernethie's death at sixty-eight was definitely that of a man dead before his time. Mr. Entwhistle had retired from active business two years ago, but as executor of Richard Abernethie's will and in respect for one of his oldest clients who was also a personal friend, he had made the journey to the north.

Reflecting in his own mind on the provisions of the will, he mentally appraised the family.

Helen, widow of Richard's brother Leo, he knew well, of course. A very charming woman for whom he had both liking and respect. His eyes dwelt approvingly on her now as she stood near one of the windows. Black suited her. She had kept her figure well. He liked the clear-cut features, the springing line of grey hair back from her temples and the eyes that had once been likened to cornflowers and which were still quite vividly blue.

How old was Helen now? About fifty-one or two, he supposed. Strange that she had never married again after Leo's death. An attractive woman. Ah, but they had been very devoted, those two.

His eyes went on to Maude, the wife of Richard's sole surviving brother, Timothy. He had never known her very well. Black didn't suit her—country tweeds were her wear. A big, sensible, capable woman. She'd always been a good devoted wife to Timothy. Looking after his health, fussing over him—fussing over him a bit too much, probably. Timothy was a hypochondriac, Mr. Entwhistle suspected. He must be quite comfortably off. He'd never been a spendthrift. However, the extra would not come amiss—not in these days of taxation.

Mr. Entwhistle transferred his attention to George Crossfield, the son of Richard's dead sister, Laura. Dubious sort of fellow Laura had married. Nobody had ever known much about him. A stockbroker he had called himself. Young George was in a solicitor's office—not a very reputable firm. Good looking young fellow —but something a little shifty about him. He couldn't have too much to live on. Laura had been a complete fool over her investments. She'd left next to nothing when she died five years ago. A handsome, romantic girl she'd been, but no money sense.

Mr. Entwhistle's eyes went on from George Crossfield. Which of the two girls was which? Ah, yes, that was Rosamund, Geraldine's daughter, looking at the wax flowers on the malachite table. Pretty girl, beautiful in fact —rather a silly face. On the stage. Had married an actor, too. Good-looking fellow. *And* knows he is, thought Mr. Entwhistle, who was prejudiced against the stage as a profession.

He looked disapprovingly at Michael Shane, with his fair hair and his haggard charm.

Now Susan, Gordon's daughter, would do much better on the stage than Rosamund. More personality. A little too much personality for everyday life, perhaps. She was quite near him, and Mr. Entwhistle studied her covertly. Dark hair, hazel, almost golden eyes, a sulky, attractive mouth. Beside her was the husband she had just married —Gregory Banks, a chemist's assistant, he understood.

Really, a chemist's assistant! In Mr. Entwhistle's creed girls did not marry young men who served behind a counter. But now, of course, they married *anybody*! The young man, who had a pale, nondescript face and sandy hair, seemed very ill at ease. Mr. Entwhistle wondered why, but decided charitably that it was the strain of meeting so many of his wife's relations.

Last in his survey, Mr. Entwhistle came to Cora Lansquenet. There was a certain justice in that, for Cora had decidedly been an afterthought in the family. Richard's youngest sister, she had been born when her mother was just on fifty.

Poor little Cora! All her life, Cora had been rather an embarrassment—growing up tall and gawky and given to blurting out remarks that had always better have remained unsaid.

It had never really occurred to anyone that Cora would marry. She had not been a very attractive girl, and her rather obvious advances to visiting young men had usually caused the latter to retreat in some alarm.

And then, Mr. Entwhistle mused, there had come the Lansquenet business—Pierre Lansquenet, half French, whom she had come across in an art school where she had been having very correct lessons in painting flowers in water colours. But somehow she had got into the life class and there she had met Pierre Lansquenet and had come home and announced her intention of marrying him.

Richard Abernethie had put his foot down—he hadn't liked what he saw of Pierre Lansquenet and suspected that the young man was really in search of a rich wife. But while he was making a few researches into Lansquenet's antecedents, Cora had bolted with the fellow and married him out of hand.

Richard had generously made his young sister

HERCULE POIROT, more than any other character Agatha Christie has created, is responsible for her world-wide popularity and phenomenal sales—estimated at over fifty million. As her "firstborn," he is also the character most dear to her heart. . . .

A firm way with Poirot

So dear that today she will not agree to any stage or film portrayal of Poirot that may distort his character. When, for instance, *The Hollow* was presented in the West End of London in 1951, she radically reconstructed the story, creating two entirely new characters—Inspector Colquhoun and Sergeant Penny—in place of the original beloved Poirot.

This was not always her attitude; between 1928 and 1940 many Poirot stories were staged and filmed. But now, in her sixties, Agatha Christie has an almost grand-maternal feeling for the masterful little detective—which is right and proper, for she is herself a grandmother.

She lives in a beautiful Georgian mansion in Devon for most of the year but regularly accompanies her second husband, Max Mallowan, the archaeologist, to Iraq, where he is engaged in excavating a three-thousand-year-old civilization.

"I find searching for clues more fascinating than laying them," she says of these expeditions. As her annual sales show, millions all over the world prefer the "laying."

"These jewels of Mrs. Lansquenet's were found shoved into a bush," Inspector Morton explained. Mr. Entwhistle frowned. "That *is* curious," he said

an allowance, and on that they had, so Mr. Entwhistle believed, lived. He doubted if Lansquenet had ever earned any money at all. He must have been dead now twelve years or more, thought Mr. Entwhistle. And now here was his widow, rather cushion-like in shape and dressed in wispy artistic black with festoons of jet beads, back in the home of her girlhood, moving about and touching things and exclaiming with pleasure when she recalled some childish memory.

She made very little pretence of grief at her brother's death. But then, Mr. Entwhistle reflected, Cora had never pretended.

Re-entering the room, Lanscombe murmured, in muted tones suitable to the occasion, "Luncheon is served."

After the delicious chicken soup, and plenty of cold viands accompanied by an excellent Chablis, the funeral atmosphere lightened.

Nobody had really felt any deep grief for Richard Abernethie's death, since none of them had had any close ties with him. Their behaviour had been suitably decorous and subdued—with the exception of the uninhibited Cora, who was clearly enjoying herself—but it was now felt that the decencies had been observed and that normal conversation could be resumed. Mr. Entwhistle encouraged this attitude. He was experienced in funerals and knew exactly how to set correct funeral timing.

After the meal was over, Lanscombe indicated the library for coffee. This was his feeling for niceties. The time had come when business—in other words, The Will—would be discussed. The library had the proper atmosphere for that, with its bookshelves and its heavy red velvet curtains. He served coffee to them there and then withdrew, closing the door.

AFTER a few desultory remarks, everyone began to look tentatively at Mr. Entwhistle. He responded promptly after glancing at his watch. "I have to catch the three thirty train," he began.

Others, it seemed, also had to catch that train.

"As you know," said Mr. Entwhistle, "I am the executor of Richard Abernethie's will——"

He was interrupted.

"*I* didn't know," said Cora Lansquenet brightly. "Are you? Did he leave me anything?"

Not for the first time, Mr. Entwhistle felt that Cora was too apt to speak out of turn. Bending a repressive glance at her, he continued: "Up to a year ago, Richard Abernethie's will was very simple. Subject to certain legacies, he left everything to his son Mortimer."

"Poor Mortimer," said Cora. "I do think all this infantile paralysis is *dreadful*."

"Mortimer's death, coming so suddenly and tragically, was a great blow to Richard. It took him some months to rally from it. I pointed out to him that it might be advisable for him to make new testamentary dispositions. He agreed. First of all, however, he decided to get better acquainted with the younger generation."

"He had us up on appro.," said Susan with a sudden rich laugh. "First George and then Greg and me, and then Rosamund and Michael."

"Did he leave *me* anything?" repeated Cora.

Mr. Entwhistle coughed and spoke rather coldly: "I propose to send you all copies of the will. I can read it to you in full now if you like, but its legal phraseology may seem to you rather obscure. Briefly, it amounts to this: After certain small bequests and a substantial legacy to Lanscombe to purchase an annuity, the bulk of the estate—a very considerable one—is to be divided into six equal portions. Four of these, after all duties are paid, are to go to Richard's

"Two murders, one after the other!" exclaimed Rosamund gaily. "It's a bit much, isn't it?"

brother Timothy, his nephew George Crossfield, his niece Susan Banks, and his niece Rosamund Shane. The other two portions are to be held upon trust and the income from them paid to Mrs. Helen Abernethie, the widow of his brother Leo; and to his sister Mrs. Cora Lansquenet, during their lifetime. The capital after their death to be divided between the other four beneficiaries or their issue."

"That's *very* nice!" said Cora Lansquenet with real appreciation. "An income! How much?"

"I—er—can't say exactly at present. Possibly somewhere in the neighbourhood of three to four thousand a year."

"Goody!" said Cora. "I shall go to Capri."

Helen Abernethie said softly: "How very kind and generous of Richard. I do appreciate his affection towards me."

"He was very fond of you," said Mr. Entwhistle. "Leo was his favourite brother and your visits to him were always much appreciated after Leo died."

Helen said regretfully: "I wish I had realized how ill he was—I came up to see him not long before he died, but although I knew he *had* been ill, I did not think it was serious."

"It was always serious," said Mr. Entwhistle. "But he did not want it talked about, and I do not believe that anybody expected the end to come as soon as it did. The doctor was quite surprised, I know."

"*Suddenly, at his residence.* That's what it said in the paper," said Cora, nodding her head. "I wondered, then."

"It was a shock to all of us," said Maude Abernethie. "It upset poor Timothy dreadfully. 'So sudden,' he kept saying. 'So *sudden.*'"

"Still, it's been hushed up very nicely, hasn't it?" said Cora.

Everybody stared at her and she seemed a little flustered. "I think you're all quite right," she said hurriedly. "*Quite* right. I mean, it can't do any good—making it public. Very unpleasant for everybody. It should be kept strictly in the family."

The faces turned towards her looked even more blank.

Mr. Entwhistle leaned forward: "Really, Cora, I'm afraid I don't quite understand what you mean."

Cora Lansquenet looked round at the family in wide-eyed surprise. She tilted her head on one side with a birdlike movement.

"But he *was* murdered, wasn't he?" she said.

TRAVELLING to London in the corner of a first-class compartment, Mr. Entwhistle gave himself up to uneasy thought of that extraordinary remark by Cora Lansquenet. Of course, Cora was a rather unbalanced and excessively stupid woman, and she had been noted, even as a girl, for the embarrassing manner in which she had blurted out unwelcome truths. At least, he didn't mean *truths*—that was *quite* the wrong word to use. Awkward statements—that was a much better term.

In his mind he went back over the immediate sequence to that unfortunate remark. The combined stare of many startled and disapproving eyes had aroused Cora to a sense of the enormity of what she had said.

Maude had exclaimed, "*Really,* Cora!" George had said, "My dear Aunt Cora." Somebody else had said, "What *do* you mean?"

And at once Cora Lansquenet, convicted of enormity, had burst into fluttering phrases.

"Oh, I'm sorry—I didn't mean—oh, of course, it was very stupid of me, but I did think from what he said—oh, of course I know it's quite all right, but his death was so *sudden* —please forget that I said anything at all—I didn't mean to be so stupid—I know I'm always saying the wrong thing. . . ."

And then the momentary upset had died down and there had been a practical discussion

Continued on page 29

Jack Hawkins, star who doubts his own success

by ***WILFRED GREATOREX***

He can name his own salary—but pessimistic Jack regards it more as a price on his head

SITTING IN A NEW YORK hotel bedroom one morning in 1951, a thickset British actor with stern eyes and a hawk nose read the reviews in the newspapers of *Romeo And Juliet*, which had opened to a fanfare the previous night on Broadway. His acting as Mercutio had brought other members of the cast and friends gushing into his dressing-room with congratulations.

"For years," recalls Jack Edward Hawkins, "I had wanted to rock the world in a classical play. For once I had begun to believe it had happened." As he read on, however, he realized that the critics had damned the play and his own performance with faint praise. "Jack was awfully hurt," says Doreen, his wife. "He just sat behind those papers for hours, not saying a word."

It was not the first time that Hawkins—a wire-haired pessimist of six foot one with big shoulders and an almost habitual frown—had just missed the top rung. In 1946, when a lot had been expected of him in *Othello* at the Piccadilly Theatre, London, he had made no impact on the critics, except to move Ivor Brown, of *The Observer*, to say that he had no poetry in him.

A year before, as a full colonel, he had returned to the West End from the army and promptly won a part in *The Apple Cart*. On the first night he reassured himself—"he needed plenty of convincing," says a friend—that he could still make a living in the theatre. On the second night two letters were handed to him at the stage door—"one from a fan, the other from an Inland Revenue official who had seen the notices and remembered that I owed £900 income tax." To meet this prewar debt, Hawkins sent his gratuity, with a promise to pay off the remainder out of his earnings.

By the time he was solvent, he and Doreen

Jack Hawkins looks down on Malta from the battlements of the ancient town of Mdina. The star was on location for his forthcoming film, *The Malta Story*

Sightseeing in Old Malta with his wife, Doreen. They met during the war when Doreen, a former actress, was touring South-East Asia with Ensa

were down to sharing a basement flat in Kensington with an office girl. "Outside our bedroom window was a dustbin. Sometimes the tenants missed the target, and we would walk out on to a greasy kipper." At this crisis in their domestic affairs, Hawkins was broke, and his wife was expecting a baby.

Since last September, however, they have occupied a modern nine-roomed house of their own at Roehampton, and have three servants. This change of circumstances derives from two years' almost uninterrupted film-making, which has placed Hawkins, the one-time near-misser of the English stage, among the western world's top-flight film stars.

With three best-sellers in a row behind him—*Angels One-Five, Mandy* and *The Planter's Wife*—all of which finished in the first twelve for 1952 in the *Motion Picture Herald* poll, he is now rated fourth in individual box office appeal in Britain. He has also acquired a reputation as the busiest man in the film industry, having finished *The Cruel Sea* and *The Malta Story* in the last few months, and begun *Each Day We Die*. Not long ago a critic commented that Hawkins was doing too many films and was running the risk of making audiences sicken of his face. "Better that," said Hawkins, with a frown, "than my sickening for work."

Hawkins's up-and-down experiences have left their mark. He remains obstinately pessimistic even in face of keen competition for his future contract between J. Arthur Rank, Associated British and Sir Alexander Korda. "Everybody wants him now," says Bill O'Bryen, Korda's casting director. Recently O'Bryen asked the actor to get his accountant to work out how much it was worth his while to earn in an income-tax year. "Let me know the figure," added O'Bryen, "and we'll give it to you."

Last year Hawkins earned £26,000. "But he just doesn't believe what this means," says a friend. "Talk to him of success, and his mouth goes down at the edges and his bottom lip comes out in an expression of supreme disbelief. He's the biggest doubting Thomas I ever saw." Recently, at the Savage Club, he was asked if he had put down the names of his two sons, Nicholas, aged four, and Andrew, two, for a public school. "Heavens, no!" said Hawkins gruffly. "I might not be able to afford it when they reach school age."

Always Looks For The Catch

This conviction about the ephemeral nature of public taste leads him into many an argument with Al Parker, his agent. When Hawkins was cast for *Home At Seven*, Parker thought the part was too small for him—yet Hawkins agreed to take it. "He spends weeks pondering over deals to which he should say 'no' on the spot," says Parker. "Even with first-class offers that are in his own interest he is slow to catch on. It's as if he sees dangers in either turning down or accepting."

Hawkins, who never knew unemployment as a stage actor before the war, is noted for keeping a shrewd eye on the future. "The reason it has taken him so long to get anywhere," says one friend, "is that he's always been so busy looking for holes to fall into that he didn't spot the real openings." His sudden up-grading, when it came, took Hawkins by surprise. "I was lucky," he admits, "to get into three damn' good stories that went round the cinemas one after the other."

This, however, is not the reason for his present rating, according to film technicians and directors who have worked with him. "For my money," says George Pollock, assistant director of *The Malta Story*, "he is the perfect mechanical artist who isn't content just to play in front of a camera, but must know precisely what is happening when he does." When *The Fallen Idol* was being shot, Hawkins used to turn up even when he was not on call. "He would come home talking of nothing else but Carol Reed's work," says his wife. "He doesn't often get excited, but he once raved about the way Reed had made him pick up a telegram."

Giant With A Fierce Temper

In the studios, Hawkins is usually fidgety and ill at ease. A beetle-browed giant, with dull black hair that make-up men like to tint at the front, he admits to a fierce temper. Once, on location in Malta, he and his wife were dining out when a drunk lurched against their table. He made some remarks about Hawkins's work. "Jack rose to his full bulk," recalls a technician, "and gave the bloke the biggest telling-off I've ever heard. Even the drunk understood it wouldn't be safe to stay around."

Hawkins was in Malta for five days' shooting at the airfield at Halfar. In the rôle of the island's commanding air officer at the time of the blitz, he had to address sixty R.A.F and naval officers on their part in the Mediterranean campaign. It was a two-and-a-half minute monologue. "That was tough enough," says Pollock, "but we were using real officers, not trained 'extras,' and we expected them to overact or not to take the thing seriously."

Standing on a "wall" of four-gallon petrol cans, Hawkins started his speech. "It was so convincing," says Pollock, "that even the officers were transported back to wartime. We thought it would need several takes, but Jack did it in one. I've been in films more than twenty years and never seen anything like it."

Hawkins was twelve when he played his first rôle, a contralto part in *The Pirates Of Penzance* at St. Michael's School, Wood Green, London. He trained at the Italia Conti Stage School, and within three weeks was earning thirty shillings a week in *Where The Rainbow Ends* at the Holborn Empire.

One day, when he was still under fourteen, he was invited to the New Theatre to face a selection committee "which included a man with a reddish beard." Not until ten days later, when he was offered the part of the page in the original production of *St. Joan*, did he realize he had been face to face with Bernard Shaw.

Hawkins presently joined Sybil Thorndike on tour—"the finest employment I could have had." At eighteen he was playing Hibbert, the coward, in a fifteen months' Broadway run of *Journey's End*. In 1929, writing of his performance in *Beau Geste*, the late James Agate hailed him as "a young actor with a future." Eight years later, Hawkins was being listed as "a sound, reliable actor of any given part." The adjectives became familiar. "Nearly everything he did for years," says a friend, "was similarly labelled. It was frustrating for a man who wanted to set the Thames on fire."

Theatre Paved The Future

It was the same on the films. For years he was in more or less constant demand as a supporting actor playing detectives, policemen and reporters in about equal proportions in a series of "quota quickies." At times he was making two films during the day and appearing in the West End with John Gielgud at night. "The films paid my way, the theatre paved the future—or so I thought."

On September 4, 1939, Hawkins tried to join the army, but was told to await call-up. He was playing in *The Tempest* with Gielgud at the Old Vic when the Germans broke through the Western front. "I did a bit of fiddling round the back doors of the War Office," Hawkins admits, "and got into The Royal Welch as a fusilier."

Ultimately, he reached India as an infantry officer. At a mess party one night the G.O.C. asked him to go for a stroll. "I think it's time," said the general, "that we started a divisional concert party."

"Good idea, sir."

"I'm glad you think so, Hawkins," came the reply, "because you're going to run it." Hawkins did not relish the prospect, but presently he founded the Cross Keys, who were to play their way right through the command. He did what one brother officer has called "a fruity singing act and female impersonations." Says Hawkins: "It was a good thing there was no jungle branch of the Performing Right Society. I pinched my material wholesale."

Drafted into the military administration of Ensa, he later took command, as a colonel, of all entertainment in South-East Asia Command. It was through this job that he met his wife, a tall, blonde actress named Doreen Lawrence, who was playing in one of the touring parties. They married in London in 1947.

The Pessimistic Traveller

Jack Hawkins is reluctant to let his career interfere with family life. Even on short filming trips abroad he likes to have Doreen with him. They travelled together to Malta. Doreen says, "Jack, of course, prophesied that we would have a bad crossing from the mainland to Malta. We did." For the return trip Hawkins insisted that they should take different planes. "It's bad enough," he told an inquirer, "for children to lose *one* parent early in life."

Hawkins is sure of one thing. He will not go back to the theatre, despite his unfulfilled ambitions there. When a friend was urging him not long ago to return to the West End, he said firmly, "All the stories are in films these days."

Then, to offset the note of optimism, he added wryly: "But even they aren't foolproof. I'm quite prepared either way to face complete professional desolation a year from now." THE END

He grasped her wrists and pushed. "I'll take you across my knee!" she scolded. "Who will?" he laughed. "Well," she said, "your father still can"

This is our son

by LOIS DYKEMAN KLEIHAUER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

He was like a young buck trying out his strength. His mother was proud — yet strangely afraid

ONE OF HIS FIRST MEMORIES was of his father bending down from his great height to sweep him up into the air. Up he went, gasping and laughing with delight. He could look down on his mother's upturned face as she watched, laughing with them, and at the thick shock of his father's brown hair and at his white teeth.

Then he would come down, shrieking happily, but he was never afraid, not with his father's hands holding him. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father.

He remembered a time when his father moved the piano across the room for his mother. He watched while she guided it into its new position, and he saw the difference in their hands as they rested, side by side, upon the gleaming walnut. His mother's hand was white and slim and delicate; his father's, large and square and strong.

As he grew, he learned to play at being a bear. When it was time for his father to come home at night, he would lurk behind the kitchen door. When he heard the front gate opening, he would hold his breath and squeeze himself into the crack behind the door. Then he would be quiet.

It was always the same. His father would open the door and stand there, the backs of his long legs beguilingly close. "Where's the boy?"

He would glance at the conspiratorial smile on his mother's face, and then he would leap and grab his father about the knees, and his father would look down and shout: "What's this? A bear—a young cub?"

Then, no matter how tightly he tried to cling, he was lifted up and perched upon his father's shoulder, and they would march past his mother, and together they would duck their heads beneath the doors.

And then he went to school. And on the playground he learned how to wrestle and shout, how to hold back the tears, how to get a half-nelson on the boy who tried to take his conker away from him. He came home at night and practised his new wisdom on his father. Straining and puffing, he tried to pull his father off the lounge chair while his father read the paper, glancing up now and then to ask in mild wonderment: "What are you trying to do, son?"

He would stand and look at his father. "Crikey, Dad!" And then he would realize that his father was teasing him, and he would crawl upon his father's lap and pummel him in affectionate frustration.

And still he grew—taller, slimmer, stronger. He was like a young buck with tiny, new horns. He wanted to lock them with any other young buck's to test them in combat. He measured his biceps with his mother's tape measure. Exultantly, he thrust his arm in front of his father. "Feel that! How's that for muscle?"

His father put his great thumb on to the flexed muscle and pressed, and the boy pulled back, protesting, laughing. "Ouch, Dad! Not so hard!"

Sometimes they would wrestle on the floor

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COMMANDO! (3) *by Brigadier JOHN DURNFORD SLATER, D.S.O.*

WE SHARPEN OUR KNIVES FOR THE LOFOTEN RAID

Our failure at Guernsey had shown that courage alone was not enough. By ruthless training I now set out to make my men the toughest of the tough. On the next raid nothing would stop us

BACK in Plymouth I set to work forging the unit into a sword, then sharpening its edge. The Prime Minister had put on record that he saw the Commandos as specially trained troops who could "develop a reign of terror down the enemy coasts . . . leaving a trail of German corpses behind us. . . ." No. 3 Commando had not done that in the Guernsey raid. Far from it. But although our first raid had been a failure, the experience had taught me a few useful lessons. Next time, I promised myself, it would be different.

From the Royal Navy I acquired several cutters and two large motor boats and, with these vessels, we practised landings every day up and down the coast. Presently we became good at them. But it was then the summer of 1940 and the invasion scare was at its height. Our arrival from the sea often caused mothers and children on the beaches to panic. This was fuel for our enemies—and we had them on both sides of the Channel.

Although we were getting unstinting co-operation from the naval authorities in Plymouth, the military command there looked on us with suspicion and resentment. The trouble was that

We had counted on entering Stamsund harbour under cover of dark. But it was now broad daylight. As we moved in we made a sitting target from the shore

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED LAURENT

the senior staff officers, cursed with the first World War mentality, didn't like to face anything new. "What *is* all this nonsense about creeping around at night and slitting throats?" was their viewpoint. Whenever I put in a request for a training area, the army chiefs would stall. If any disorder occurred in the town, the fault was always placed at our door.

I soon found that the anti-Commando brigade stretched all the way to the War Office. In fact, *they* wanted to abolish us completely. Only direct orders from Churchill kept us alive. According to our detractors, we were "unnecessary," "irregular," and "taking the army's best men to no purpose." In return, I confess, I was in a constant fit of irritation at their hollow-square, thin-red-line-of-heroes mentality. This was a new war, and there would be new ways to fight it. They could think only of the past.

Quarrel Led To A Fight

The quality of the men who volunteered to join No. 3 Commando gave me cheer during this trying period. Some of them were unorthodox and turned into first-class Commando soldiers, and some who at first seemed impressive had to be sent back to their units in short order. In the former group was George Herbert, who came to the unit as a private soldier. The first time I saw him, a few days after the unit was formed, he and another soldier were brought before me in my office. Peter Young, then a subaltern, brought them in—two fine-looking men who marched crisply through the door.

The charge was read out. There had been a dispute over the sum of two pounds, and it had led up to a fight. After questioning both, I found no legal proof of ownership of the money. I said, "We can't tolerate this sort of behaviour—fighting in civilian billets. I'll have to send you both back to your units."

Herbert, who had won a Military Medal at Dunkirk, spoke up. "Give us whatever punishment you see fit, sir," he said, "but don't send us away." Frankly, I didn't want to lose a Military Medal holder. They were very rare in those days. "Well, divide the money," I said. "The next small charge against either of you, and out you go!"

That was one of the best decisions I've ever made. Although the other soldier didn't remain long with us, George Herbert—a dark, well-built man with flashing eyes—was to prove a tough, courageous fighting man. He liked to spearhead an attack where the bullets flew thickest. He was to win his D.C.M. with us and to be commissioned on the field of battle.

Now and later, we ran into all kinds of men who wanted—or thought they wanted—to join us. There were many who just couldn't take the hard training I insisted upon: the seaborne landings, the constant marching, the obstacle courses, the close-combat practising and the drill. I got rid of them.

One man, I recall, used to talk too much. "I've been across the Channel a half-dozen times," he would boast. "The last time I shot up a German officer playing at the table in Le Touquet." Of course, he hadn't operated at all. I had to have men I could count on and believe. I sent him away.

Drink Was His Downfall

Another took to booze. He yearned to make the Commando standard, but just couldn't take the stiff training. He had been a good regular soldier; but with our harsh drilling he got so tired that each evening he felt he had to fortify himself at the local. This made him unfit for his workout in the morning. Thus he created a vicious circle which could have but one result. I washed him out.

There were others who stayed: Private Johnny Dowling, a rugged little man, five feet four inches tall and wonderfully fast with his fists; Corporal Lofty King, tall and tough as nails, a London fireman with a real killer instinct; Lt. Peter Young, who was to leave us in 1945 as a fully fledged brigadier with a D.S.O. and *three* M.C.s; Lt. Algy Forrester who, having been on leave, had missed the first call for Commando volunteers. He sat on my doorstep until I agreed to use him to fill the first vacancy. I *had* to agree. He would never have given me peace otherwise. Algy, like Lofty King, had the killer instinct in a big way. These, of course, were only a few of the wonderful officers and men who joined us in those early days. Among them, too, was my old friend, Lt. Charles Head.

I had known Charlie for some time. He was in my artillery unit at Plymouth when war came. Our colonel, an able Cornishman named Barbary, thought that Charlie and I were inclined to have too much fun together. We did have a certain amount.

One evening, within the first fortnight of the war, Charlie and I had taken two A.T.S. girls out for a couple of beers in Devonport. We had known them both when they were civilians back in Cornwall. They now worked at the A.T.S. officers' mess and, after we had all sipped beer for an hour or so, they said they must get back to serve dinner there. One was cook, the other mess waitress. During dinner, the waitress stumbled with a bowl of soup which, unfortunately, flew through the air with the greatest of ease into the lap of a senior A.T.S. officer. Under angry cross-examination, the girl admitted at last that she had been "out for a beer with John Durnford Slater and Charlie Head."

"Those two officers are a bad influence on our

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Commandos storm a cliff. Training like this enabled them to land where they were least expected

King George talks to Capt. Algy Forrester during a visit to No. 3 Commando. Forrester, who developed the cliff-scaling technique, was killed at Vaagso

Miss Walker's lions do anything for a quiet life

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

To the slender girl from Slough, the king of the jungle is just a pet—until she notices that the colour of his eyes has changed

IT IS THE LAW in the South African city of East London that a licence is needed to walk along the streets with a lion. There are two reasons for this ordinance. One is a former king of the jungle named Sultan; the other is Ray Walker, a tall and slender girl from Slough, in Buckinghamshire.

One bright afternoon not long ago, Ray, clad in blue jeans, strolled across East London's Market Square leading Sultan by a light steel chain. As they walked up Oxford Street, a crowd followed at a respectful distance. At Terminus Street, the lion took it into his shaggy head that he and his mistress should leave the main thoroughfare. The nine-stone girl knew better than to argue with her forty-five stone pet. She snubbed the lead round a post to restrain him. "That was my mistake," Ray now says. "Sultan strained on the lead and began to choke. He forgot everything I'd taught him."

One massive paw caught the girl on the hip, forcing her to her knees. Sultan's right paw, claws unsheathed, tore her back, and his jaws seized her right forearm. Still Ray held to the chain. Two men bravely freed her from the lion. The straining beast then broke the post, made a short jump and sat down. "As soon as Sultan was free from the fear of being choked," Ray explains, "he became normal again. Someone called a taxi and Sultan rode home with me, his head resting on my blood-soaked clothes."

That same evening, Miss Walker was found, as usual, putting a pride of lions through their paces inside a circus cage. Her appearance on the streets of East London was actually an advertisement for the circus. She has continued to earn her living like this, and is now one of the few women trainers plying her trade in Britain.

According to Ray, Sultan's attack on her only goes to prove that, far from being ferocious, lions are creatures of habit. The notion that a taste of blood makes them wild is just an old wives' tale, she believes. "Sultan," she says, "would never have attacked me if he had not been faced with a situation he had never experienced before. He was upset by the restraining influence of his collar, so he turned on me. His teeth and claws left me streaming with blood—fortunately the scars are on my back and don't show—but this didn't affect him in the least."

Ray claims that the lion's motto is "Anything for a quiet life." They like the same old props, and their pedestals must always be put in the same place. Not long ago she had to take seven lions from Ireland to Germany. After their three-day land and sea journey, Ray's lions were decidedly unhappy. "They slunk around the cage with their ears flattened out, and they just wouldn't work," Ray recalls. "Finally, I had a cage set up indoors, put all their props in the positions they remembered, and coaxed them to show off their tricks."

One of the beasts, a sulky fellow known as Tarzan, was the only one of the seven who refused to co-operate. His Irish keeper had warned Ray never to touch him with a stick for fear he would attack. "I tried everything with Tarzan," she says. "Then I took a stick and, without thinking, gave him a sharp crack. He immediately perked up and became the most obedient lion in the act. Then I suddenly remembered my instructions, and I was frightened to death at what I'd done."

Pagel, the famous trainer, at work with Ray.

Ray leading Sultan through the South African city of East London. Just after this picture was taken, the lion mauled her. "It was not his fault," she says. "I made a mistake and upset him"

They Learn By Telepathy

Use of a stick is something Ray tries to avoid. Her theory is that more can be achieved by kindness, and she is convinced that wild animals can be taught by telepathy. When Ray starts training a young lion, she first tries to get him to sit on a tub. "You just think hard," she says, "and eventually the animal gets the idea. It may take five minutes or it may take five days."

Ray once trained a lion named Cheri, who developed into a scene-stealing clown. "He liked to get laughs," she says, "and particularly at my expense." At this time, the climax to Ray's act was a jump by Beauty, a lioness, through a hoop the trainer held over her head.

"Usually this stunt raised a cheer," Ray recalls. "One night Beauty made her jump, and all I heard was laughter. I was puzzled, but I went on to the next trick—a see-saw done by a tiger named Noble. I had a bit of a struggle getting Noble to mount the see-saw and, believe me, this had the people on the edges of their

She started by sitting in cages with the lions, just reading a book or talking to them

Ray's way with a lion: "It's all a matter of trust"

seats. But did I get any applause? All I heard was giggling and chuckling. I looked behind me and there was Cheri, lying on the floor yawning. As soon as he realized that I'd seen him, he scampered back to his seat."

From then on, Ray exploited Cheri's sense of humour and gave him every opportunity to raise laughs. Usually, when first teaching a lion, she lets him alone as soon as he masters a stunt, on the theory that lions are lazy animals and being left to themselves is their idea of a reward.

If a lion is slow in learning, Ray does not dismiss him as lazy. He may be like Major, a husky male who was not shy but who had no confidence. "He just lacked faith in himself—like a lot of humans," says Ray. "He needed praise, so I'd tell him how clever he was. He was so unsure of himself that he'd falter halfway through a trick. I tried him at walking the rope and he'd get part way across, stop, look at me and, as likely as not, fall off. But if I whispered flattering remarks to him he could walk the rope with ease."

Walking a rope even four inches in diameter is much more difficult for a lion than for a tiger. As they are partly tree animals, tigers are fast movers and better leapers, and soon learn such tricks as balancing on a ball. For this trick, Ray first teaches the tiger to come for a stick. When he is accustomed to following the stick, he will do this like a kitten following a cotton reel. He can then be persuaded to follow the stick until he finds himself mounted on the ball.

Lions do not feel safe with their feet off the ground, Ray maintains, and this limits the number of tricks most lions can do. However, she did train Beauty to jump through a hoop held over her head. But she reluctantly abandoned the stunt when the animal's judgment of distance failed and her leap knocked Ray down.

On the ground, lions can be so amenable that Ray has been able to ride them bareback, and even bath them. Riding a lion, she says, is comparatively difficult—if only because the beasts have an exceedingly loose skin and the rider tends to fall off. Bathing a lion is just a matter of getting him accustomed to water.

"I tried soap and a bucket once," she says, "and ended up wetter than the lions. But on a warm day outside, they grow to like being hosed down. It does take away their distinctive smell and make them more pleasant to work with."

Some circuses have a hose pipe ready in case lions get out of control; the shock from the jet of water will stop a lion long enough to allow the trainer to escape. Ray prefers to depend on her ability to recognize impending danger and take evasive action. "Lions don't care two hoots about the whip," she declares. "A pistol isn't much use, because if a lion is going to attack he'll jump before you can draw a weapon. A chair is useful, if he isn't accustomed to one."

Eyes Flash Danger Signal

A lion may turn on its trainer for a variety of reasons—a bee sting, a small boy with fireworks, or just a stomach-ache. The dangers signs are flattening of the ears, switching of the tail and, most important, a change in the colour of the eyes. Normally, a lion's eyes are amber. When they are roused, the eyes go green.

One lion who pounced on his trainer's back—and lived to regret it—belonged to William Pagel, the German expert who taught Ray how to train wild animals. Pagel was fabulously strong and, when the lion jumped on to him, he squeezed the breath from his body by crushing the beast against the cage bars.

Ray met Pagel in South Africa, where she found herself after six years in the W.A.A.F. The German was seventy when the twenty-six year old girl introduced herself and asked for a job with his circus. Ray knew that Pagel was looking for a lion tamer, but the circus owner told her it was no job for a woman. However, Ray found an ally in Mrs. Pagel, who was anxious for her husband to retire. She invited the English girl to stay on the circus train.

After observing Ray for three days and cross-examining her on her experience in England with horses and at Whipsnade Zoo, where she worked in the infirmary, the circus owner yielded. Ray was put on the payroll and taken to Pagel's training farm to make the acquaintance of ten lionesses, five young lions, a tiger and a leopard who were to be trained.

Pagel ushered Ray into a forty-two foot circular cage occupied by ten lions. The slender girl stood beside the massive strong man, who was watching the lions' reaction. Then, with a gruff, "You're all right," he let her out of the cage. "I was told to start training them next morning at six thirty," Ray recalls. "Pagel refused to give me any instructions, so I began by just sitting in the cage with the lions. I would read a book or perhaps talk to them—anything to gain their confidence."

She took six months to train her first pride of lions. Now, as a free-lance trainer who does not own animals, she can do the same amount of work in three months, although a special act may take as long as two years to perfect. The most suitable pupils are eighteen-month-old cubs straight from Africa.

Of all the lions she has handled, Ray's favourite is probably Sultan, who turned on her in the streets of East London. On one occasion, when he escaped and threatened to terrorize another South African town, Ray had to chase after him in a police lorry. While the policemen who were escorting her nervously fingered their weapons, Ray merely called to her errant pet. Sultan saw her, came bounding across the street, and embraced his mistress.

"You see," says Ray, "it's all a matter of trust and kindness." THE END

THE YOUNG ASSASSIN

by ***URSULA KEIR***

ILLUSTRATED BY MCNAMARA

He had come to this place to find and kill a man. The girl did not know that. Nor did she know that her father was the man

THE *colectivo* growled and panted, worrying the road like a terrier a rat. The road was steep, climbing in a corkscrew up through the foothills of the Andes. Three times a week the little bus charged up the mountains carrying mail to the valley. The people in the *colectivo* hung on to their seats and prayed for the moment when they would reach the top, when, swinging suddenly out of the last bend, they were confronted with the sunlight dancing on the white peaks of the Andes.

"Two minutes to admire the view!" the driver bellowed. He jammed on the brakes and leaped out of the bus.

In the early morning air it was bitterly cold. The *paisanos* scrambled out after him, turning up the collars of their coats and pulling their wide-brimmed black felt hats down over their eyes, joking with each other about the ride. They stood in a little group gazing at the proud white breasts of Tupungato and Aconcagua.

The tall boy who had sat by the window without saying anything was the only one who stood apart from the rest. The wind blew against his legs the folds of his *bombachas*, the full, Turkish-type country trousers. There was a hint of Indian blood in his cheek bones, as he stared unblinkingly at the snow, his brown face impassive. The boy, Juan Carlos, was wondering what it would be like to cross the Andes with the mule drivers into Chile. He would like to go with them one time, but he would like best to make the journey alone, up into the snow.

The driver called to them to get back in the bus. They laughed, glad because the worst part of the trip was ended. They had only to cross the desert now and they would reach the valley.

The boy wondered what the valley would be like. He would not have much time there; just five hours before catching the bus back. The bus rocketed over the plateau, and now, in the barren plain, jagged rocks stood out, pink, purple, yellow, green, like pinnacles of a ruined fortress in a fairy tale. Ahead, always ahead, rose the white Andes.

Suddenly the bus skidded between two tall rocks, swerved sharply, and there ahead of them lay the valley.

At first it seemed like a broad patch of gold and green guarded by the mountains. But as the little bus jerked and rattled itself nearer, tall golden poplars stood out against the blue of the sky, the road littered with their yellow leaves. Then there were the small adobe *ranchos* with straw-thatched roofs, the huddle of houses that meant the village. To the left were

She glanced at him curiously and smiled; the boy could not take his eyes away from her. "Are you looking for someone?" she asked him

There was a short, sharp tussle. Then the boy was on top, knife raised

the coloured hills, to the right the road to Chile, up into the Andes. The air was gold. Everywhere the trees were shaded gold; the willows drooping over the streams mingled yellow leaves with green. Smoke arose from the ovens behind the *ranchitos* and there was peace in the air. The boy had never seen a place like it in his life.

He thought: today I have not time to think of beauty. It is better not to look too much at the valley. There is only one thing I must think of. He felt the knife in his belt and pressed his lips tight together, keeping his eyes on the mountains.

It was then that he first felt the eyes of the little man. Behind his back someone was watching him. He moved in his seat uneasily, hoping the glance would shift. It didn't. He could feel the presence of the watcher so strongly that it was almost as though something was pressing into the back of his neck. The boy turned.

At the rear of the bus sat a small, dirty man, ugly, unshaven, with blue eyes. The butt of a dead cigarette clung to his lower lip. He was watching the boy calmly and without embarrassment. When the boy met his glance he continued to stare, not as a stranger might, but as someone who knew something, who had a particular interest in staring. His eyes were small and sad and red-rimmed.

Juan Carlos turned quickly to the mountains again. Nobody stared like that unless it was deliberate, unless they knew something. The boy thought no one could have known; only Ramirez and El Flaco were in on this. Who else could possibly know?

He felt the sweat break out across his back. He tried to remember if the little man had followed him to the bus. But no—the man had stood in the queue reading a paper. Could there have been anything in the newspapers, a photograph of him, perhaps, wanted for the affair up north?

The bus entered the poplar avenue, and stopped at the crossroads. The boy alighted with the jostling crowd and stepped quietly across the street. He pushed aside the bead curtain of a bar. Inside it was dark and smelling of wine. Flies sucked at the stains on the wood surfaces. He ordered a Cinzano and sat down, wiping his face with his handkerchief.

The man brought the Cinzano and a syphon. "A good trip?" he asked.

"A lot of dust."

"There is always dust. We had no rain for a long time."

"Everything looks good here. The fields are good."

"We have the river. The water comes from the snows. Last year we didn't have so much snow. It's hard on the people lower down."

Juan Carlos didn't want to talk too much, but he had to find Mataz. He said: "There's a big *estancia* here?"

"You mean the Madrugada place? They own half the valley. You looking for work there?"

"I had a friend who was there. I thought I'd look him up."

"How is he called?"

"Menendez—Froilan Menendez," he invented quickly.

The man shook his head. "I don't know any Menendez. Maybe the *capataz* might know."

"Who is the *capataz*?"

"José Mataz. He's a good man. They've had their troubles up there with the cattle stealing, but Mataz is all right. About Menendez—I never heard that name around here."

The boy wanted suddenly to ask him if he had known Luis, but that would be dangerous.

"If you want Mataz you'll find him in the fields along the road to Chile."

He thanked the man and paid for the Cinzano, aware suddenly of an unpleasant sensation. Someone was watching him. The boy turned his head quickly. The little man was sitting at one of the tables near the door.

Juan Carlos swallowed his vermouth and left. Outside, he looked up and down the street and then crossed the road, making for the plaza. The benches under the newly planted poplar trees were deserted; there was no one in sight to see which way he went. He stepped quietly behind the church. In one of the houses a woman was singing. The men were in the fields and the women busy with the noonday meal. There was no one around. No one until the little man came round the corner of the church.

When he saw Juan Carlos he stopped. "Will you give me a light?" His little blue eyes were cold and detached.

The boy struck a match, watching him all the time. I have to be careful, he thought. He felt the tension inside him, but he was calm.

"What else do you want?"

"What else do I want? Nothing. Just sightseeing."

Juan Carlos did not take his eyes off him. He said softly: "I'm sightseeing, too, but I prefer to do it alone. I'm not used to being followed around. It's bad for my nerves. I'm the sensitive type."

"Somebody follows you?"

"You follow me."

"I?" The little man coughed in surprise, smoke coming from his nostrils.

"Tell me what you want and go—otherwise I'll break your soul."

"Ay, ay, ay, how the kid talks! A friend of yours sent me."

"I don't have any friends."

"Desiderio sent me."

"El Flaco?" The boy was watching him to see if it was a trap, his big brown hands closed tight, ready to hit. "Why should El Flaco send you to me?"

"Desiderio sent me to keep an eye on you. Maybe he doesn't trust you entirely with this job." The man blew smoke down his nose, looking almost apologetic.

"He needn't worry himself."

"Maybe it won't be so easy."

"As soon as I find the man it's all right."

"Oh? You think he'll let you hang around him all day until it's the moment to stick your knife in his ribs?"

"I have a personal interest in getting Mataz."

The little man looked at him with interest. "El Flaco told me he killed your brother. Is it true?"

"Yes. He had Luis killed. They made it look like a gambling fight, a knife in him to keep his mouth shut. He knew too much about the dirty business they were making with the cattle."

"Very neat," the little man said professionally. "And El Flaco's paying you for this?"

"Yes. It must be pretty important to him if he sends you along also," Juan Carlos retorted shrewdly.

"There's an old score to settle. Luis Godoy would have cleared it for him, but they got him before he could speak." Then he said softly: "El Flaco's afraid you might rabbit at the last moment."

The boy laughed. "I'm no rabbit."

"He sent me to see you do things nicely. When you've finished, we catch the bus back together. You have to work it as close as possible to the bus leaving time. If you can get him where you can hear the bus starting, it's better. I'll see it doesn't leave without you, boy."

He offered Juan Carlos a cigarette. "I will be close to you all the time. That is my speciality. If you have any difficulties, Papa will show you how. You look like your brother?"

"No. We were half-brothers. There's no resemblance. I have a good introduction to Mataz."

"Done any of this kind of work before?"

The boy looked away at the willows and the river. "I knifed a fellow up north."

The little man nodded slowly. "Good. I will leave you now." He slipped away round the side of the church.

Juan Carlos stood for a moment looking at the white mountains. A girl came from one of the houses down by the river, carrying a bundle. Her hair was dark and neatly braided, her skin brown from the sun, and her eyes a curious dark-green colour, clear and beautiful. The boy watched her a minute, wondering if she had

Mataz came forward, his hand outstretched. Juan thought : this is the man I am going to kill

seen him talking to the little man. When she came near he greeted her politely, asking which was the road to Chile.

"Over there. Straight on to the mountains. Are you looking for someone?"

"I know where to find him."

"You came on the bus?"

"Yes, from Mendoza."

She looked at him and smiled. "I have never been to the town."

The boy could not take his eyes from her. "Mendoza should come to you," he said.

She smiled again, her teeth small and very white. "That's the road," she said.

She watched him walk away. A woman called to her from one of the houses.

"Who was that, Filomena?"

"A stranger. He's looking for someone, maybe at the *estancia*."

"Good looking, eh? Maybe he wants work. He's a fine, strong-looking boy."

The girl shifted the bundle on her hip and walked away.

JUAN CARLOS was glad the little man wasn't trailing him. He felt free and strong, the air was good in his lungs and he felt no fear, only excitement. He was thinking of the moment when he would get Mataz alone and feel the knife strike into him.

He wished he could fight it out with Mataz, but he had to take no risks. Luis had been killed treacherously. Luis, who had been his father and his brother. With the money El Flaco was giving him he would buy himself land and start a farm that one day would be an *estancia*. Luis would have liked that. When he thought about Mataz the hate rose in him like strong, sour wine.

In the fields he asked the men riding among the cattle where he could find Mataz, and found him at last in the corral. He was a thick-set man of medium height, with steady eyes and a wide forehead, dressed, like all the *campesinos*, in *bombachos*, and a worn shirt with a handkerchief at his neck. He was talking to a group of the men, who listened to him respectfully. They turned to stare at the stranger.

"*Buenos dias*," Juan Carlos said.

"*Buen dia*."

"I am looking for a friend of mine called Menendez. An old man named Hipolito Sanchez told me to ask for José Mataz and he would help me. He asked to be remembered to him."

"I am Mataz," the man said, coming forward, his hand outstretched. "Any friend of Hipolito Sanchez is welcome here. Menendez? I don't know any Menendez. Was he here in the valley?"

The boy looked at him. This is the man I am going to kill, he thought.

"Menendez told me he was coming here to work at an *estancia* about a year ago," he said.

"He must have changed his mind. He didn't come here. Tell me, how is the old one? How's my friend Sanchez, eh?" Out of the corner of his eye he saw the peons waiting for him, and turned quickly, giving the orders.

"I have to inspect some of the work in the fields. Will you ride with me? You will eat at my house. Eh, Carlitos! Bring Gaucho—and send someone to my house to tell them I am bringing a friend at noon."

Joyously, Juan Carlos swung into the wide, padded sheepskin saddle and they cantered out of the corral gates. He watched his victim carefully. He was surprised at the man's evident popularity. But then, he thought, these are all his picked men and in front of me he puts on his best face. He is very clever, this Mataz, I have to go carefully.

The air was young and eager, pressing against his body and caressing his face. He thought of the farm he was going to buy and the horses and cattle he would own. With Mataz's body I can buy myself the beginnings of happiness, he told himself.

He thought of the girl he had seen in the village, her green eyes and the curve of her lips. He thought, if I owned a farm I could ask for a girl like that. . . .

At noon they rode to the adobe *ranchito* by the river where Mataz lived. As they came near, children ran to take the horses, and the smell of cooking made Juan Carlos hungry. A girl came to the door.

"I would like to present my daughter," Mataz said. "The second eldest, Filomena."

The boy looked at her and saw the colour rise a little in her cheeks, making her eyes more green and her lips redder.

Through the meal Juan Carlos watched the girl and he knew this was a terrible thing fate had done to him. He thought, it is to prove me, to see how strong I am. The pain was sharp inside him.

He watched Mataz and knew he was a good man as men go, simple, hard working, who loved the land and the animals. He saw how his wife was fond of him and the children strong and unafraid.

It is easy for a man to love his family and be kind to them, he told himself. If he knew I was Luis Godoy's brother, how he would change.

WHEN the dishes were taken away, José Mataz leaned back in his chair, loosening his belt, and said to Juan Carlos: "We had a good man here from the north. He worked with us for nearly a year, and then he was killed by cattle thieves. They tried to make it look like a gambling fight. I was suspicious of them, but I had no proof."

"What was his name?"

"He was called Luis Godoy. If they come here again I shall have all the proof I need."

He offered the boy a cigarette. Juan Carlos stared at him. "Proof?"

"Yes. It is dangerous to have such proof, but for that one I would do it. He was a good man," he said simply. "I loved him."

Juan Carlos saw the white crumpled packet held towards him, and took a cigarette, suddenly confused. Was this an act? Could the man know him? Was he lying? The boy looked hard at Mataz and he knew he wasn't lying. El Flaco had lied.

Shall I tell him now? he thought. Shall I say that I know they have sent a man here to kill him? Two men.

"Listen," he said—and then he stopped.

The little man was standing in the doorway.

"Excuse me, *señoras, señores*, I was asked to leave this." The pale-blue eyes flicked over Juan Carlos. He handed the wife a parcel. "From la Maria."

"Ah, many thanks. La Maria gave you this in the village?"

"She asked if I came this way would I leave it here. *Buenas tardes*." His eyes glanced at the clock; it was nearly two. Then he was gone.

Juan Carlos wiped his face with his handkerchief. He knew now that if he didn't kill Mataz, the little man would. And the little man would get him also and collect the money from El Flaco.

The boy knew something else. He knew that if he told Mataz now he'd have to go to the police with him and make a statement, and it was possible they would find out about the knifing in Catamarca. They might take him and jail him, but when he came out El Flaco would be waiting for him. He thought, I have to

Continued on page 28

AT TWENTY-TWO, Ursula Keir, author of *The Young Assassin*, has two novels and a number of short stories behind her—and a sheaf of press cuttings most writers twice her age would envy.

When her second novel, *The Vintage*, was published last month, critics wrote of her "magnificent powers of observation" . . . "her zest and eagerness" . . . "the confidence and flair that belong to the born novelist."

Ursula Keir: "zestful, eager"

Her opportunities for observation have been many and varied. As the daughter of an executive of the Shell oil combine, she has travelled all over the world, and, by the time she was twenty, had lived in five different continents. After a wartime schooling in Cairo, she was sent to a girls' boarding school in England, by contrast so boring that she ran away—to France, where she stayed with relatives in the Beaujolais wine country.

The result was *The Vintage*, with a background of the French wine harvest. Today she lives with her mother in Cornwall, and is already half-way through her third novel, which is set in the Argentine.

Labeyrie and Occhialini in their underground camp. Thirteen hundred feet down, it was bitterly cold and they were often cut off from the surface. Before the adventure was over, it became a tomb

Loubens waits to be pulled up. A few minutes later, he fell to his death as the cable broke

Ten days of disaster in the depths of the earth

FOR THE RECORD—A JOHN BULL SPECIAL

The full story of the ill-starred bid to explore one of the most amazing caves ever discovered: the huge abyss found on the Pierre St. Martin in the Pyrenees

by

W. E. ARMSTRONG

BAYONNE

PIERRE ST. MARTIN, five thousand feet high and ten miles square, is a plateau on the Spanish frontier in the Low Pyrenees of south-western France. It is a desolate, inaccessible place of rare mines and calcined rock, unfrequented except by Basque and Navarrese shepherds who graze their sheep and horses on its northern slopes. In the summer it attracts speleologists, or cave explorers; for, like many districts of the Pyrenees, where some of the deepest caves in Europe are found, it is riddled with potholes and subterranean entrances.

One evening in the summer of 1950, a young French speleologist called Lepineux, returning to the valley after a disappointing day spent on the plateau, saw a jackdaw fly out of a hole in a small, thirty-foot-deep gully. This is a sign no cave explorer ignores, and Lepineux was soon investigating. The time which the stones he threw took to reach the bottom of the abyss suggested that he might be looking into one of the deepest vertical penetrations yet known.

Greatly excited by his find, he made a few notes and marked the gully with a cairn of stones. He returned the following year with suitable apparatus and two companions: Haroun Tazieff, the Belgian explorer and volcano expert, a tall, fair and very powerful man, and Marcel Loubens, a French business man of twenty-nine, an experienced and enthusiastic speleologist.

Using a simple pedal winch, the three men were let down into the cave by turns. Tazieff and Loubens reached a depth of more than 1,650 feet—almost a world record. By going down 1,200 feet before touching the cave floor they set up a record for a vertical descent. They had neither the time nor the equipment to continue their investigations then, but the discovery of two enormous underground caves connected by a gallery convinced them that the Pierre St. Martin deserved serious exploration.

The daring descent of Lepineux, Tazieff and Loubens was a speleological sensation; and in 1952 an international team of scientists arrived at the Pierre St. Martin with an impressive load of equipment. The team of twelve was led by Professor Max Cosyns, the Belgian stratosphere flyer, and, besides Tazieff and Loubens, included Beppo Occhialini, an Italian physicist, a French geologist, Jacques Labeyrie, and the

renowned French geologist, Norbert Casteret.

Marcel Loubens was accompanied by his wife, who remained in the village of Licq, ten miles away. Before leaving for the Pierre St. Martin, Loubens promised her that this would be his last expedition underground.

On Tuesday, August 5, the equipment was brought up by mule train from the hamlet of St.-Engrace, at the foot of the mountain. Its most important piece was the electrically driven winch of revolutionary design, invented by Max Cosyns himself.

This winch, which was to become notorious in the tragedy that followed, was already the subject of criticism among those experts to whom its details were known. Its cable, a slender steel tube only five millimetres in diameter, through which Cosyns had ingeniously run a telephone wire, was thought by some to be dangerously weak. But Cosyns had proved it in laboratory tests to be capable of supporting a ton, and its strength had been accepted by the men who were about to trust it with their lives.

First Man Goes Down

Cosyns sank his winch in a bed of concrete on the gully's lip. From there the cable, stretching down fifty feet into and across the gully, ran over a pulley fixed in the cave's mouth to hang into the shaft. The three strongest members of the team were chosen as the advance party: Loubens, Tazieff and Labeyrie. All was ready on the evening of the Friday.

In his massive jet pilot's helmet with its fixed electric torch, encumbered with kitbags holding food, tents and a bag of cement, Loubens, a slight but wiry, bespectacled man, resembled a deep-sea diver rather than a speleologist as he was helped down the ladder into the gully. Sitting with dangling legs in the mouth of the cave, he fixed the loop of the cable end into the buckle on the steel trace of his parachute harness, shook hands with his companions, smiled at the photographers and swung his two hundred pounds of dead weight into the chasm. Only five men were ever to see him again.

As Loubens went down he unrolled eight hundred yards of telephone wire which was to be the underground voice link with the surface. Meanwhile, communication was by laringuaphone through the wire enclosed in the cable.

Loubens soon reported difficulty. The cave, he said, was "rotten." Gyrating slowly on the end of the cable, he was bumping the sides of the narrow shaft and dislodging slabs of rock which rattled on his helmet and thumped his shoulders. At five hundred feet below the surface the situation was worse: he descended in a downpour of icy water which poured from fissures in the limestone. Finally his faint cry echoed in the headphones: *"J'y suis!"*—I'm there!" He had been hanging in space for more than two hours.

Frozen and exhausted, Loubens had alighted on the top of a rubble heap of massive, slippery rocks, eighty feet high which led down steeply to the entrance of the first great hall. After unhooking himself, he called Cosyns. To his dismay, he got no answer.

Needed All His Nerve

This was the first of the technical breakdowns which were to occur with increasing frequency. To be cut off from the surface was later to become a commonplace. On the first evening, alone in the moist darkness a quarter of a mile from the light, Loubens had need of all his nerve.

Luckily, he had work to do. At a point forty feet from the top of the rubble heap he found a more or less horizontal space, three yards square, where he set about making a cement landing platform for the others. Then, one hundred feet lower, on the floor of the cave itself, he chose a site for the main camp as far away as possible from the axis of the shaft, down which he knew from experience a lethal shower of rocks clattered at every descent.

Loubens took four hours to do his work. Another two had to pass before the telephone was repaired and Cosyns, calling from the surface, warned that Tazieff was coming down. It was now well into the night, although to Loubens, in the prehistoric darkness, time had ceased to have significance.

While Loubens was working below, all had not gone smoothly up above. A steel sleeve in the winch had worn and broken under friction; Cosyns and his mechanic worked at its repair by the light of petrol lamps. Six hours later—the time during which Loubens was out of touch—Cosyns declared himself satisfied, and Tazieff was sent down.

Loaded with cameras, more provisions and digging implements, he reached Loubens after a long and unpleasant descent. The two men sent the cable up again, made a hot meal and wrapped themselves inside their sleeping bags. They found breathing comparatively easy, but it was intensely cold, and the air's humidity was as high as ninety-five per cent.

The days of the ninth and tenth, which were wet and misty on the surface, were wasted by the cave party as far as exploration was concerned. They passed them in setting up the camp and supervising the descent and ascent of André Treuthard, another member of the team, who went down on the afternoon of the ninth with rope ladders and additional stores. Above all, they passed hours "listening out" on the telephone, which was again behaving capriciously. After Treuthard had reached the surface, the third member of the advance party, Jacques Labeyrie, joined Loubens and Tazieff on the evening of the tenth.

Labeyrie, too, had an anxious time going down. A pulley jammed in the winch and Cosyns had to stop the operation for half an hour, leaving Labeyrie hanging six hundred feet down the shaft. By this time several members of the expedition were asking themselves if the equipment was all it had been said to be.

While all this was going on, another party of speleologists was exploring a cave, the Fertell abyss, a quarter of a mile to the east of the Pierre St. Martin. The Fertell, like the St. Martin, is a vertical descent. The Frenchmen who were now exploring it—five young men from the city of Lyons whose average age was twenty—had nothing to compare with Cosyns's electric winch, but relied solely on lengths of nylon and metal ladders. With this primitive equipment they reached a point more than a thousand feet deep.

On the morning of the tenth, their adventure over, the young men respectfully asked Cosyns if they could be of any help to him; the offer was somewhat haughtily refused. They were told, however, that if they stayed in the district they could study the waters in the gorge of Kakouetta. One of the objects of the expedition was to test the theory that the subterranean stream found at the bottom of the cave which Cosyns and his men were exploring was in fact the channel which fed the Kakouetta. Fluoricine colouring powder, which would prove whether or not this was the case, had been already taken down.

A little snubbed, the young men from Lyons packed up their ladders and straggled off into the mist. Before going they inspected the winch and the cable, by both of which they were unfavourably impressed. Cosyns did not give them another thought. He was to need both their ladders and their courage before many days had passed.

Once pulled taut in the throat of the cave, the cable was found to be fouling overhangs and projections. The most dangerous point of friction was a small platform of rock three hundred feet down. Using ladders, members of the surface team went down to install a pulley over which the cable could ride clear of the rock; and here, during the whole adventure, two men had to crouch to guide the wire.

On the afternoon of the eleventh the Italian physicist, Occhialini, went

LIFE WITH MOTHER

CHILD kidnapping was the fashionable crime in America when I was five, and no Hollywood mother was prepared to take a chance. Mine was especially careful about the nurse she chose to look after me—one named Emma, very competent and assured.

One day the district attorney called to see Mother. Imagine her feelings when she was told that Emma was in a conspiracy to kidnap me! Emma went.

We lived in a lovely house on the beach. Everybody was still jittery about the affair when I decided to play a little joke. I hid, not answering when I was called all over the house. Frantically, servants fanned out in all directions to look for me.

While detectives were interviewing my distracted parents, my foot was spotted behind a sofa, and I was pulled out. I'm told that the entire household listened with satisfaction to my screams as I was being spanked.

My brother Richard and I spent the war years in California, growing. We didn't see Mother and Father until after the shooting was over and we came to Britain, where they had been most of the time.

In getting to know her better, I realized that Mother badly needed taking in hand. Oddly, for a woman in show business, she has never bothered about feminine luxuries like beauty treatments and clothes. A mink coat, she imagined, covered a multitude of shortcomings. Her wardrobe was in a shocking state.

The fact is, Mother is a bluestocking. She has been writing scripts since she was thirteen, choosing not only her gags and situations, but every single word, with utmost care. She has to work eighteen hours a day to satisfy her self-imposed standards, and we've often known her to work round the clock in the basement office of our house in Southwick Street, London.

She can't be idle. When she went into hospital with penicillin poisoning, she suddenly had an urge to paint. I bought her materials and, without any previous training, she turned out an effort that was inoffensive enough to hang in the drawing-room.

Once, she decided she had to write a book on salads. Months were spent in research. Friends were questioned and their recipes tried out at home. We ate 282 different salads before mother's book was finally ready.

Beneath her tireless efficiency, Mother can be unbelievably helpless. I drive her everywhere: after all the time she has spent in London, I doubt if she could find her way to Piccadilly.

When they tour the north of England, it is Father who navigates between hotels and theatres. A short while ago, they were playing at Liverpool. On the third day, Mother had to go to the theatre in a taxi. But she couldn't give the driver the name of the theatre. They drove round until they found one with her name on the boards.

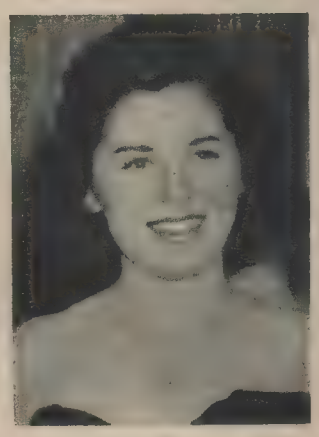
One day Richard found smoke billowing out of the drawing-room, and immediately phoned the fire brigade. Less than a minute later, Mother came up from the basement to meet firemen dragging hoses through the front door. "Where's the fire?" one of them shouted.

"Let's go and look," their hostess suggested gamely.

There are photographs on the wall as you go up the stairs. "I've seen her before," one of the firemen said, pointing to a picture of Mother.

"Oh, that's me," she said. "Don't you think it's cute?" And she stopped to give an account of who took it, and where. Meanwhile, a padded chair smouldered in the drawing-room upstairs.

Domestically, the four of us have developed a very smooth arrangement: Mother is excused housekeeping duties as she writes the radio script; Father does the



cooking on the help's night off; Richard shops for the kitchen; and I keep the accounts.

Every Monday there is a financial conference, at which allowances are apportioned. Father is usually overdrawn, and he pleads with me for a few more pounds. Mother is more careful about her money, but then she has never really bothered much about money all her life. Her passion has always been her work.

Her relaxation is in her friends. There's nothing she enjoys more than to have a crowd over for a noisy Canasta evening; cards have always been a vice.

Mother gets on wonderfully with everybody; she nearly always says just the right thing. But at times I could have shot her for opening her mouth.

After one of our Canasta parties, Tom, then a boy friend of mine, had lost most of his money; he was also going away for a while. Besides, he and I had fallen out. He wasn't exactly on top of the world.

Mother took his hand.. "'Bye, Sandy," she said. "See you when you call to take Barbara dancing tomorrow."

Tom's hair practically stood on end. Sandy was his bitter rival, the cause of all the trouble!

Who are the famous mother and daughter? Turn to page 35 for their names—and the complete photograph

down—not without the usual technical incident. He was greeted by Labeyrie. Tazieff and Loubens were exploring the second great hall, which they had christened "Elizabeth Casteret." They shone their lamps to right and left; Tazieff lit a powerful magnesium flare. What they saw was astonishing. The farthest range of the flare lost itself in darkness; the roof and sides of the cave were invisible; the echoes of a shout came back faintly, as if from a great distance. In the late evening, wet through and very tired, they climbed the steep incline back to the camp. They reported their finds to Labeyrie and Occhialini, and the four men, after eating a meal, settled down for their first night of full sleep since reaching the cave.

Made Light Of Troubles

On the surface, Cosyns was inclined to be distant and difficult to the journalists who were climbing to the site in increasing numbers. He made light of the difficulty he had had with the winch and repeated that he and his men had perfect confidence in it. The next day, August 12, was spent calmly at the surface in getting further stores up from St.-Engrace.

Twelve hundred feet below it was otherwise. For the first time, all four men of the cave party were able to work together. They set out for the "Elizabeth Casteret," Tazieff carrying a 40-lb. load of cameras, films and flares, each of his companions a 30-lb. sack of fluoricine powder. They reached the river in two hours. While Tazieff lit a flare, the others poured the powder into the river.

Next morning, August 13, was the morning on which Loubens was due to be relieved. Leaving the camp at 8.30, the three men climbed the rubble pyramid to the cement platform where the end of the cable was anchored. Loubens took the aluminium cup at the cable's end, felt for the loop inside and attached it to the buckle on his harness.

Then he connected the telephone and, calling Cosyns at the surface, told him he was ready for the hoist. The cable tautened slowly, taking the weight. Heavily, steadily, as if being dragged through water, Loubens moved over the rocks. Their torches flashing, Labeyrie and Tazieff followed, keeping pace. Tazieff wanted a photograph of his friend as he was swung into the shaft.

Another Two-hour Hitch

Suddenly, after five yards, the cable stopped, and Cosyns immediately spoke from the surface. It was simply a small adjustment to the winch, he explained; there would be five minutes' delay. The three men sat down on the rocks.

At 10.50, nearly two hours later, Cosyns called again: all was in order. The ascent could begin. Loubens cried *au revoir* to the others; the cable tightened and drew him upwards once more. For another ten yards he stumbled over the rocks, then straightened as he was pulled up the perpendicular face of the great block that crowned the pyramid. A minute later he was swinging up through space.

When he was forty feet above the pyramid, he called to Cosyns to stop. This was the moment Tazieff meant to photograph. As he swung, Loubens tried to light the magnesium torch he held in his left hand, the torch by whose glare Tazieff hoped to get a unique picture. One match fizzled out; then a second. Loubens lit a third, calling that he couldn't get the flare alight. Tazieff still held the camera to his eye, waiting for the magnesium to blaze.

Suddenly there was a cry, short and shrill. Tazieff saw the light of the torch which Loubens was wearing drop sharply, and Loubens fell past him to crash on the rocks and roll, lurching, to stop a hundred feet below.

Labeyrie was the first to reach him. Loubens was lying on his face; he was bleeding from the nose and mouth. His breathing was hoarse and powerful.

A hundred and fifty feet above, the empty cable swung gently in the darkness.

NEXT WEEK: The dramatic bid to save Loubens ends in failure

COMMANDO!

Continued from page 15

girls," the high-ranking, soup-stained A.T.S. complained to Col. Barbary. He agreed. In fact, he decided that we were also a bad influence on one another. Charlie was promptly posted away to Weymouth.

When I formed No. 3 Commando nine months later, I thought at once of Charlie Head. He had the qualities I wanted in an officer: leadership, initiative, good physique. I applied to Barbary, now a brigadier, for Charlie's release.

Barbary refused. In his opinion, he declared, it was highly undesirable that Charlie and I should serve within miles of one another, let alone in the same unit. He rather implied that such an arrangement would be bad for not only the unit but also for Britain and the free world.

I could see he had made up his mind. So had I. I wrote to the War Office and got Barbary's refusal overridden. He meant well enough, but he did not realize that when Charlie Head and John Durnford Slater went to war all fooling and liquor were put aside in favour of fighting the enemy.

Charlie was a tall man, full of character and laughter. At sixteen he had joined the Merchant Marine; at twenty-one he began training as a veterinary surgeon. As a raconteur he was a wonder. As a soldier, he always took the lead, heedless of danger. I often needed his help. He never let me down.

Off To Inveraray

Early in September, 1940, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes, the Director of Combined Operations, developed a project for the capture of the island of Pantelleria, just off Malta. By now ten Commandos had been formed, and Admiral Keyes decided to concentrate six of them at Inveraray, his base in western Scotland, so that we could develop our training technique and rehearse the actual details of the Pantelleria attack.

No. 3 Commando left Plymouth gladly. The Royal Navy had co-operated at every turn. But the continual nagging and obstruction from army authorities was at last getting us down. Now we were free of all that.

I had been pestering Roger Keyes ever since Guernsey to get us some landing craft designed for the job. "Do let us start training with proper landing craft, Admiral," I appealed. These craft were then just in the process of being developed.

"I will as soon as I possibly can, Slater," replied Keyes. 'I kept nagging him. I knew we would never be able to carry out missions without assault boats; Guernsey had proved that. Obviously, Keyes agreed.

On our very first morning in Inveraray I had a message from him saying that two such craft were on the way to me for No. 3 Commando. With my officers and n.c.o.s I rushed to the beach. We were just in time to see them coming in at about ten knots, a big wave foaming at each square bow. They looked very low in the water and had no superstructure. I felt a glow of excitement as they rode right up to the steep beach and lowered their ramps.

Lt. Johnny Giles wore a look of almost worshipful attention. None of us had ever seen a proper landing craft. "That's a lot better than we had for Guernsey," he muttered.

Assault Practice

Now, I figured, we were ready to operate. Half an hour after the two craft arrived, I had each of them loaded with thirty men and full equipment. At the time, a Commando troop consisted of forty-seven men and three officers. Our work became so identified with these assault craft that it was not long before we reformed our troops into sixty men and three officers. This meant that one troop would fit exactly into two landing craft.

Just then, my principal concern was to practise landing. I insisted on from twenty to thirty each morning: and

It will be a pleasant surprise if the weather's set fair when WE set off holidaymaking.

Shall we go by car?

We certainly shall. Because there's one thing I am prepared to forecast—it'll be smoother going than last year, now BP Super is here.

Why will it?

Because BP Super is a smoother-burning fuel. The BP research teams didn't spend all those years in the back room for nothing.

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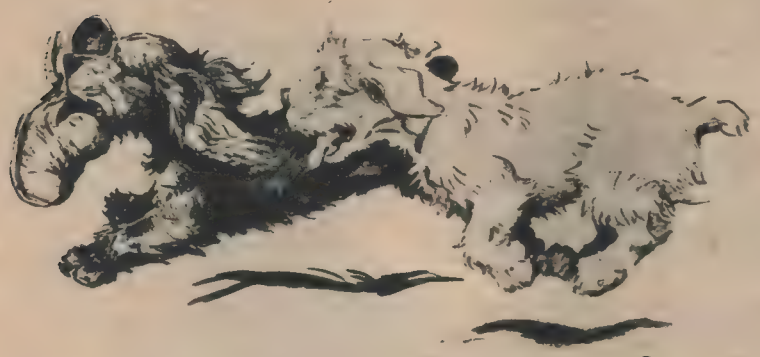

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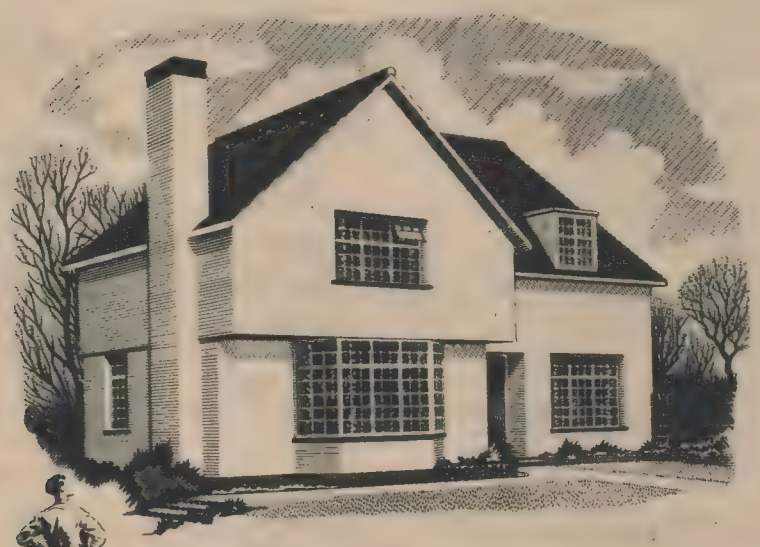

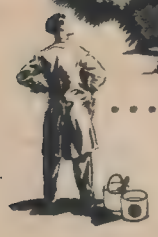

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each morning Charlie Head would shout at the men until he was hoarse. "Come on: you can do better than that!"

They *did* do better. Before we were done we could empty a boat—with all weapons—and run to cover twenty-five yards away, in ten seconds. Algy Forrester's F Troop held the blue riband for that. Algy was determined to make his the best troop in the best unit in the world. Peter Young's H Troop, with a time of fourteen seconds, held the record for re-embarking.

The country round Inveraray was ideal for training. There were wild sweeps of hill country, rivers, moors and the sea, close at hand. We followed landings with long approach marches over heath-covered hills and difficult river crossings. I made my men perform long night marches across the trackless hills. At first they were awkward after dusk, noisy, apt to lose their way. In a month, they were different men. I believe they could almost see in total darkness.

Only The Fit Survived

I set dozens of cruelly arduous schemes. They helped me to learn which of our number were not Commando raw material. It is easy to spot failings among troops exhausted after miles of marching. In five years of Commando work I never found a better method—except in battle. Any officer, any man, who showed ill humour or bad temper or weakened at the end of an exercise, I dismissed at once. I had to have men who were toughest of the tough. I got them.

Meanwhile, Roger Keyes was running into difficulties with the authorities in London over his Pantelleria project. But he overcame these original objections and, early in December, 1940, six Commandos with ships and landing craft were concentrated in the Isle of Arran for final training.

No sooner were we there when trouble flared up anew in London—fanned by the anti-Commando faction. Finally, the admiral brought a party of eminent men to see our full-scale rehearsal—a landing by No. 3 Commando and No. 8 Commando which was to take place near Broderick, on the Isle of Arran. On the efficiency and dash of that rehearsal the fate of the project was to depend. Naturally, I was determined to make my part of the show a spectacular success.

On the night of the rehearsal I was put in charge of the officers and men aboard the Glen Roy, one of the big, fast merchantmen assigned to carry us. The senior officers were to witness the landing from the beach. The orderly officer on board the Glen Roy was a capable young man, David Sutherland. "Make sure to give us all a call at one o'clock," I told him. The operation was to begin at two.

Late For Zero Hour

Instead of going to the officer of the watch, Sutherland asked the guard commander—there were guardroom prisoners aboard—to call him at one. Sutherland, like the rest of us, had been training all day. Everybody was dead tired. I woke up in the dark of night with a terrible feeling that something was wrong. I switched on my cabin light and looked at my watch. It was 1.45 a.m.!

Horrified, I jumped out of my bunk and ran from cabin to cabin, awakening as many of my officers as I could. They were all dead asleep and I had to give each one a thorough shake. "Get up!" I roared. "We're late! We're due to land!"

Then desperately I ordered the landing craft to delay for ten minutes. That was the best I could do. There were three ships taking part in the rehearsal and there was a rather complicated action to be synchronized. Eventually the twelve landing craft left our ship—each only one-third manned. I groaned, looking back at the Glen Roy from about one hundred yards. Her rails were solidly lined with my late-rising men.

The craft struck the beach on schedule, but the landing came as an anti-climax for the big shots from the War Office. It must have been a sad blow for Admiral Keyes when he saw a mere thin trickle of men dash to shore when he expected a swarm.

Next day I apologized to him with heartfelt humility. "I've let you down horribly," I said. The size of the man was measured in his reply.

"You have," he said, "but you've had your lesson. Now this will never happen to you operationally where it could truly mean disaster." Keyes had the reputation in the navy of being a terrific martinet. To me he seemed the most reasonable and charming man on earth.

That exercise was to become infamously renowned among the Commandos, and our soldiers referred to it henceforth as the "Ghost Landing." I never lived it down. Of course, Pantelleria was cancelled. We went back into training more grimly than ever, and No. 3 Commando was moved to a new headquarters at Largs.

After the disappointment over the cancellation of Pantelleria, my officers and I kept trying to think of new ways to keep the men interested and highly trained. Just after we moved into Largs, Bill Lloyd came up for an interview to join the unit. Bill, a lieutenant from Australia, was keen to be a Commando soldier. I liked him at once. He was free-thinking and free-talking and the idea of having a few Commonwealth men appealed to me.

However, I didn't want him to be *too* free and easy, so I posted him to Algy Forrester's troop. Algy was my toughest disciplinarian. They became good friends instantly.

Job For Ace Climber

One evening, Bill, Algy and I were discussing landing problems. We were always at this sort of thing. "It's a mug's game to land where the enemy's expecting you," Algy remarked. "Much better to land in an unlikely place."

"I agree," Bill said, "but that leaves us with cliffs and rough landings instead of easy beaches."

I could see that the boys had an idea. "Look," I said, "there isn't much doing at the moment. Why don't we try some rough landings and see how they work!"

Algy and Bill got right down to it. First they tried mildly rocky shores, then graduated to low cliffs and, finally, high ones. Algy led the way. He worked out a technique which used one man to take a rope up the cliff, then pull up other ropes to anchor them at the top so that following troops could climb up.

This called for an ace climber and Algy took the job himself. He trained others to do the same. It wasn't long before Algy's system enabled us to land almost anywhere. This accomplishment lifted the morale of the entire unit. The feeling was that if you could climb a bare, perpendicular cliff, nothing could stop you.

Soon we were using this training—which was certainly spectacular to watch—to entertain our distinguished visitors. The most distinguished of these was H.M. King George VI, who chose to come not long after I had broken a bone in my right shoulder playing rugby football. At once he spotted my faulty salute and asked if

I LEARNED TO LIVE IN THE DARK

"I was not prepared for the specialist's sentence of blindness," wrote John Coltman. At once, he began to adapt himself to living in perpetual twilight.

Gradually, as he learned to look after himself, he found new hobbies and interests, and was able to retain his position as head of a firm. Even today, many of his employees do not know that their boss is blind.

John Coltman's moving personal story will appear . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"Nothing we can do about it. It's *their* lunch hour"

it was the result of a wound. I had to admit that it was not.

Later, the American Rangers were to borrow Algy's cliff-climbing technique to use for their remarkable perpendicular assault at the western flank of the D-Day landings. Even now the Marines display it each year at the Royal Tournament. But it was Algy Forrester who developed the idea. From that day we always planned a landing at a steep and rugged shore where the enemy would least expect us.

Early in February, 1941, I went to Troon to meet one of Roger Keyes's staff officers. I was surprised to find there, too, Dudley Lister, commanding No. 4 Commando. Upstairs, in Dudley's bedroom at the Marine Hotel, I learned that the admiral had another project up his sleeve. The plan of the Lofoten Islands' raid was unfolded to Lister and myself.

"The object is primarily to destroy all the oil installations," the staff officer told us. "Secondarily, we hope to destroy some shipping. Thirdly, we will take prisoners."

The plan called for a simultaneous attack on the key ports of the Lofotens: Stamsund, Henningsvaer, Brettesnes and Svolvaer—the capital. Fifty per cent of Norway's herring and cod oils were produced on these islands, and the oil was made into glycerine for explosives, and vitamins A and B for the use of the German Army. In addition, vast quantities of fish were exported from the area to Germany.

Inside Arctic Circle

The Lofotens, 850 miles from Scapa Flow, were well inside the Arctic Circle. It was up to the Royal Navy to get us there. At this season the temperature was expected to be below freezing. Snow would fall one day in every two. Gales would blow about every ten days.

In January, three U-boats had been reported around the islands. Fortunately, no aerodrome north of Trondheim was fit for operations in midwinter, and the only air activity expected was by an unarmed reconnaissance JU52, which was known to patrol the area three times a week.

Intelligence reported only twenty German military personnel in the area. The local population were said to be anti-Nazi, but port officials were Germans and the mayor a quisling. The four ports were connected by telegraph. A telephone cable joined them to Norway's mainland.

In charge of the raid was Brigadier Charles Haydon. He was a great organizer, but overdid his detail work, I thought, for the Lofoten raid. He wrote out the complete orders for every action to be taken by No. 3 Commando right down to what ten to twenty men should do. I didn't mind. I was so overjoyed at the thought of operating I would have agreed to any condition.

Late in February we boarded H.M.S. Princess Beatrix for Scapa, where we were to carry out final training. The Beatrix was a fast, cross-Channel steamer now in the hands of the Royal Navy. Her captain was Commander Joe Brunton, a hearty man with a magnificent black beard.

We remained at Scapa until the end of February. During that time final plans and orders were prepared and explained. We accustomed ourselves to the ships from which we were to work. Last-minute difficulties were examined for possible solutions. The possibility that our five escorting destroyers might be forced into a naval action made it necessary for us to order each man to take ashore rations enough for forty-eight hours.

His Sea-sick Cure

We sailed for the Lofotens on the first day of March, 1941, sending a submarine, H.M.S. Sunfish, ahead as a navigational beacon. Our route was not direct, but in the shape of a grand semicircle, so that we could keep outside the German air cover.

The voyage started badly for me. I had always dreaded sea-sickness and, on the first day, managed to lose my breakfast. Joe Brunton, his bearded face full of sympathy, took charge.

"Beginning now," he said, "every morning at eleven you will consume with me a couple of bottles of beer with some cheese and pickled onions." I must have looked as I felt, for Joe's sympathy turned to severity. "That," he added, "is an order."

What could I do but obey? Happily, I can report that Joe's remedy effected a total cure. I have had endless rough sea passages since then, always using the beer-cheese-onions treatment. Never from that first day to this have I suffered from sea-sickness.

We had with us local pilots who knew the Lofoten waters. With their help we were duly delivered to our objective off Stamsund at four o'clock in the morning of March 4.

The weather was a little cloudy at first, but soon cleared. The Admiralty information regarding first light proved inaccurate, for instead of being pitch dark, as it should have been when we started our run in from the Beatrix in the landing craft, it was broad daylight. We were a sitting target for anyone on shore.

I was in one of the leading landing craft which was commanded by the flotilla leader, a Canadian. He worried about it being daylight instead of dark. "Will I give her the gun, Colonel?" he asked me. Our slow speed in daylight seemed to be bothering him.

I shook my head.

NEXT WEEK: We catch the Germans napping—and set the Lofotens ablaze

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And that's something I'm not likely to forget, because the doctor who got me well again was the doctor who danced with me all evening the night before we landed, and we got married last month!

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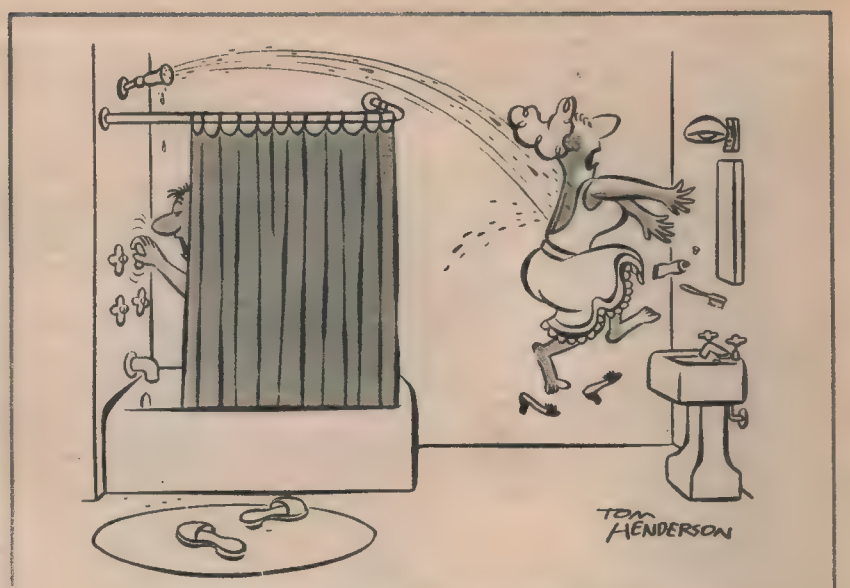

"Good cold shower will get me awake in no time"

THIS IS OUR SON

Continued from page 13

together, and his mother would move the chairs back. "Be careful, Charles—don't hurt him."

After a while, his father would push him aside and sit in his chair, his long legs thrust out before him, and the boy would scramble to his feet, half-resentful, half-mirthful, over the ease with which his father mastered him.

"All right, Dad, you win. But some day . . ." he would say.

He went in for football and sprinting at school. He surprised even himself now, there was so much more of him. And he could look down on his mother. "Little one," he called her, or "Tich."

Sometimes he took her wrists and backed her into a chair, while he laughed and she scolded: "I'll—I'll take you across my knee."

"Who will?" he demanded.

"Well—your father still can," she said.

His *father*—well, that was different.

They still wrestled occasionally, but it distressed his mother. She hovered about them, worrying, unable to comprehend the need for their struggling. It always ended the same way, with the boy upon his back, prostrate, and his father grinning down at him. "Give in?"

"All right." And he got up, shaking his head.

"I wish you wouldn't," his mother would say, fretting. "There's no point in it. You'll hurt yourselves; don't do it any more."

So for nearly a year they had not wrestled, but he thought about it one night at dinner. He looked at his father closely. It was queer, but his father didn't look nearly as tall or broad-shouldered as he used to. He could even look his father straight in the eyes now.

"How much do you weigh, Dad?" he asked, one evening.

His father threw him a mild glance. "About the same, about eleven stone ten. Why?"

The boy grinned. "Just wondering."

But after a while, still staring at his father, he said: "Dad."

"Yes?"

"Could you get me on the floor?"

His father looked over the top of his paper and smiled. "I don't know, son. I dare say."

"Try."

"Not now."

"Now."

"Leave me alone. I'm tired."

"Now."

His father put down his paper, then, and looked at him. He said, after a moment, "All right," and got up and took off his jacket. The boy did the same.

His mother came in from the kitchen, alarmed. "Oh, Charles! Bill! Don't—you'll hurt yourselves!"

But they paid no attention to her. They were standing watching each other, intent and purposeful. The boy's teeth gleamed. They circled for a moment, and then their hands closed upon each other's arms.

They strained against each other, and then the boy went down, taking his father with him. They moved and writhed and turned in silence, seeking an advantage, in silence pressing it to its conclusion. There was the sound of the thump of their bodies upon the rug, and of the quick, hard intake of breath. The boy showed his teeth occasionally in a grimace of pain.

His mother stood at one side, both hands pressed against her ears. Occasionally her lips moved, but she did not make a sound.

After a while the boy pinned his father on his back. "Give in!" he demanded.

His father said: "Like hell!" And with a great effort he pushed the boy off, and the struggle began again.

But, at the end, his father lay prostrate, and a look of bewilderment came into his eyes. He struggled desperately against his son's merciless, restraining hands. Finally he lay quiet, only his chest heaving, his breath coming loudly.

The boy said: "Give in!"

The man frowned, shaking his head.

Still the boy knelt on him, pinning him down. "Give in!" he said, and tightened his grip.

All at once his father began to laugh, silently, his shoulders shaking. The boy felt his mother's fingers tugging fiercely at his shoulder. "Let him up," she said. "Let him up!"

The boy looked down at his father. "Give in?"

His father stopped laughing, but his eyes were still wet. "O.K.," he said. "I give in."

The boy stood up and reached a hand to his father to help him up, but his mother was before him, putting an arm about his father's shoulders, helping him to rise. They stood together and looked at him, his father grinning, his mother with baffled pain in her eyes.

The boy started to laugh. "Well, I suppose I. . . ." He stopped. "Gosh, Dad! I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No, of course not. I'm all right. Next time. . . ."

"Yes, next time perhaps. . . ."

And his mother did not contradict them, for she knew as well as they that there would never be a next time.

For a moment the three of them stood looking at one another, and then, suddenly, blindly, the boy turned. He ran through the door under which he had ducked so many times when he had ridden on his father's shoulders. He went out of the kitchen door, behind which he had hidden so often, waiting to leap out and pounce upon his father's legs. . . .

It was dark outside. He stood on the steps, feeling the air cool against his perspiring body. He stood with lifted head, looking at the stars, and then he could not see them because of the tears that burned his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

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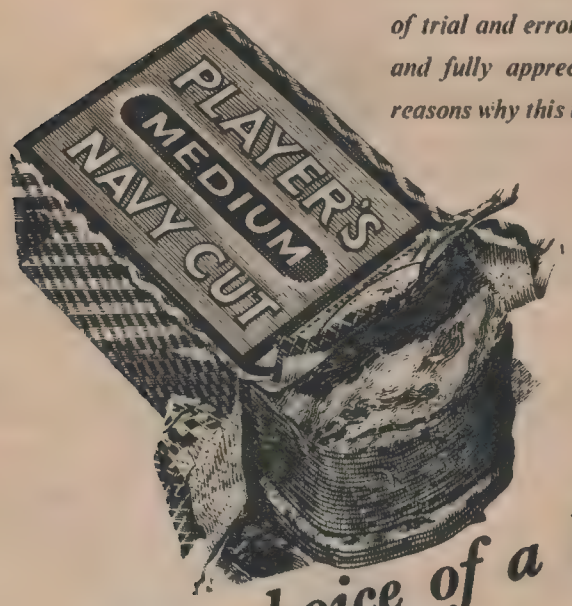

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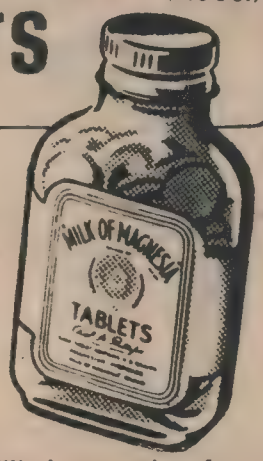

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THE YOUNG ASSASSIN

Continued from page 20

kill Mataz. There is no other way.

"Before you go we must ride down to the bridge where the river is widest. It is there that you can see the country best," Mataz was saying. He sucked at the silver tube, the *bombilla*, drinking his *yerba mate* contentedly. "Why don't you stay with us for a few days, see the valley properly, then go home and tell old Sanchez about it? He never saw anything like this!"

Juan Carlos felt the girl look at him, but when he lifted his eyes she turned away quickly, pretending she was helping her mother.

"No," he said. "You are too kind. I can't stay. I have to take the bus at three o'clock."

They rode down the poplar avenue. Juan Carlos saw the little man standing smoking. He felt his small, blue eyes following him down the road.

Mataz was proud of the valley. He showed Juan Carlos the bridge and the wide clear stretches of rushing mountain water where people came for trout fishing, he took him galloping over the golden leaves into the brush, until only fifteen minutes remained before the boy would leave.

They cantered back along the avenue. The little man was no longer in front of the store, but Juan Carlos could feel him waiting for them.

"Behind the church they are building a barn," the boy said, desperately. "Could we leave the horses and take a look at it? The bus will wait for a few minutes."

"Why not? I'm sorry you can't stay longer; I've never seen the valley looking better." Talking, he dismounted and, taking the boy's arm, walked with him to the barn. The building was almost completed. The wooden shapes for the adobes lay on one side and a pile of bricks was drying in the sun.

"The boys work at it on Sundays," Mataz was saying. "Everyone does his share."

Sundays. Today was Wednesday. For three days no one would enter the barn. And until evening Mataz would not be missed at home.

Mataz stepped over the rough brickwork into the dark hollow of the building.

JUAN CARLOS looked up at the white mountains and the beauty of the autumn sunlight around him. He heard the bus arrive at the starting place across the plaza. His hand felt for his knife, then he followed Mataz into the barn.

Behind him in the sunlight the little man came from the side of the church, moving like a cat. The sun caught the blade of the knife in his hand, making it flash like the snow on Aconcagua.

"Yes, the boys built this all themselves," Mataz said. Then something hit him.

He reeled against the wall. On the floor of the barn two men were fighting, rolling over and over, fighting in a way that was seldom seen in the valley, the way men fight in silence to the death. Mataz saw the knife between them and the way the small man writhed to drive it into the boy.

Juan Carlos moved suddenly, bringing his knee up against the little rat, pushing against him with all his force. The man cried out, a sound like an animal, the knife bent back and then down, into his thin, sly body. For a minute he quivered, then he lay still on the mud floor beneath the boy. The boy was still stabbing, again and again.

Mataz put his hand on his shoulder and the boy stepped back, trembling.

"Who is he?"

"He followed me from Mendoza." He felt exhausted, weak as a child after the tension of the last hours.

"Who hit me?"

"I did. I saw him jump." The boy turned his face to the older man. "There are many things I must tell you," he said, wearily. "When I have finished you can do with me what you like."

He told Mataz first about the killing up north, and then the whole story, of El Flaco and his own brother, Luis, and of this last trip and how he had been followed.

"Then when we came here, when you went before me into the barn with confidence, when I looked up at the mountains and at the valley, I knew then I could not kill you. The little man knew it, too. . . . I saw him just as he leaped at you. There is nothing more to tell."

Mataz looked for a long time at the dead man and then at the boy.

"Come home with me now and we will talk," he said gently.

When they arrived back at the house, the boy felt his legs suddenly collapse under him. He sat down by the table and the girl brought him a shot of *caña*, while the man told part of what had happened. He told of the cattle gang sending the little rat to the valley to get him and how Juan Carlos knew of this and stayed with him all day waiting for it to happen.

When he had finished, the boy had a fine story behind him and the wife was weeping because he had saved her man's life. The girl watched him all the time, until Juan Carlos turned to Mataz and said: "Now tell them how it really was. Tell them what I told you."

HE could not look at the girl or the woman until it was all told. Mataz spoke simply, putting the words the way the boy had done.

The woman put her hand over the boy's. "You will stay with us," she said. "You will be my eldest son."

"You will come with me into the fields tomorrow," Mataz said. "It's a good life in the valley."

The boy's lips trembled to accept, but he knew he could not enjoy these things. He knew El Flaco would hunt him down. He would send again and again until he got him.

"There is nothing to fear," Mataz said kindly. "I will go now and speak with the chief of the police here. I have told you, I have proof of the earlier killing, and now there is this one. In a few days the gang will be caught. You will soon be out of danger."

The boy looked at the girl and she thought to herself, he eats me with his eyes, as if he will never see me again. She felt the pain and the joy in her heart together, pain that this should have happened to him and joy that he was staying.

The boy looked at her and said nothing, then he turned his head to look through the window. What Mataz was saying might be right. Ill luck had dogged him for so long that perhaps he could not recognize hope and real deliverance when he saw it.

He turned again and looked at the family, waiting for his decision, and there were tears in his eyes. "My father," he said. "My mother." And then he looked at the girl and was silent.

THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Get wise!

MOST of us are stupid. We allow a false set of values to rule our lives. We worship arrogance, hypocrisy, self-esteem, greed and intolerance. We despise peace and quiet, self-sufficiency, and the only practical philosophy of life—live and let live.

Yet most of us mean so well. If only our brains were half as hard as our hearts are soft, we'd be living in a happy world and not in a howling mess.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

AFTER THE FUNERAL

Continued from page 10

about the disposition of the late Richard Abernethie's personal effects.

Cora's unfortunate *gaffe* had been forgotten. After all, Cora had always been, if not subnormal, at any rate embarrassingly naïve.

Mr. Entwhistle examined his uneasiness more closely. What was there in Cora's ridiculous remarks that had remained to tease his subconscious in this manner? Presently he isolated two phrases. *"I did think from what he said . . ."* and: *"His death was so sudden. . . ."*

Mr. Entwhistle examined that last remark first.

YES, Richard's death could, in a fashion, be considered sudden. He had discussed Richard's health both with Richard himself and with his doctor. The doctor had anticipated no collapse in the near future.

Well, the doctor had been wrong—but doctors, as they were the first to admit themselves, could never be sure about the individual reaction of a patient to disease. So much depended on the vitality of the patient. On his own inner urge to live.

And Richard Abernethie, though a strong and vigorous man, had had no great incentive to live. His dearly loved son was dead. No one of the Abernethie name was to come after him. Who was to succeed to his fortune? That this had worried the old man deeply, Entwhistle knew. His only surviving brother was very much of an invalid. There remained the younger generation. It had been in Richard's mind, the lawyer thought, though his friend had not actually said so, to choose one definite successor, though minor legacies would probably have been made. Anyway, as Entwhistle knew, within the last six months Richard Abernethie had invited to stay with him, in succession, his nephew George, his niece Susan and her husband, his niece Rosamund and her husband, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Leo Abernethie.

The net result had been the will which the lawyer now carried in his briefcase. An equitable distribution of property. The only conclusion that could be drawn, therefore, was that he had been disappointed both in his nephew and in his nieces—or perhaps in his nieces' husbands.

As far as Mr. Entwhistle knew, he had not invited his sister Cora Lansquenet to visit him—and that brought the lawyer back to that first disturbing phrase that Cora had let slip so incoherently: *"But I did think from what he said. . . ."*

What had Richard Abernethie said? And when had he said it? If Cora had not been to Enderby, then Richard Abernethie must have visited her at the artistic village in Berkshire where she had a cottage. Or was it something that Richard had said in a letter?

Mr. Entwhistle frowned. Cora, of course, was a very stupid woman. She could easily have misinterpreted a phrase and twisted its meaning. But he did wonder what the phrase could have been. . . .

In a third-class carriage, farther along the train, Gregory Banks said to his wife: "That aunt of yours must be completely bats."

George Crossfield, sitting opposite, said sharply: "She really ought to be stopped from going about saying things like that. It might put ideas into people's heads."

Rosamund Shane, intent on outlining the cupid's bow of her mouth with lipstick, murmured vaguely: "I don't suppose anyone would pay any attention to what a frump like that says. The most peculiar clothes and lashings and lashings of jet."

"Well, I think it ought to be stopped," said George.

"All right, darling," laughed Rosamund, putting away her lipstick and contemplating her image with satisfaction in the mirror. "You stop it. But if Uncle Richard was murdered, who do you think did it?"

Four faces stared blankly at her, as she gazed thoughtfully round the carriage.

"His death has been awfully convenient for all of us," she said slowly. "Michael and I are absolutely on our beam ends. Now we'll be in clover. We'll be able to back our own show if we want to. As a matter of fact there's a play with a simply wonderful part——"

Nobody listened to Rosamund's ecstatic disquisition. Their attention had shifted to their own immediate future.

Touch and go, thought George to himself. Now I can put that money back and nobody will ever know. . . . But it's been a near shave.

Gregory closed his eyes as he lay back against the seat. Escape from bondage.

Susan said in her clear, rather hard voice: "I'm very sorry, of course, for poor old Uncle Richard. But then he *was* very old. . . ."

Her hard, confident young eyes softened as they watched her husband's absorbed face. She adored Greg. She sensed vaguely that Greg cared for her less than she cared for him—but that only strengthened her passion. Greg was hers. She'd do anything for him. Anything at all. . . .

MAUDE ABERNETHIE, changing her dress for dinner at Enderby—for she was staying the night—wondered if she ought to have offered to stay longer to help Helen out with the sorting and clearing of the house. There would be all Richard's personal things, and his letters, too.

But it really was necessary for her to get back to Timothy as soon as possible. He fretted so when she was not there to look after him. She hoped he would be pleased about the will and not annoyed. He had expected, she knew, that most of

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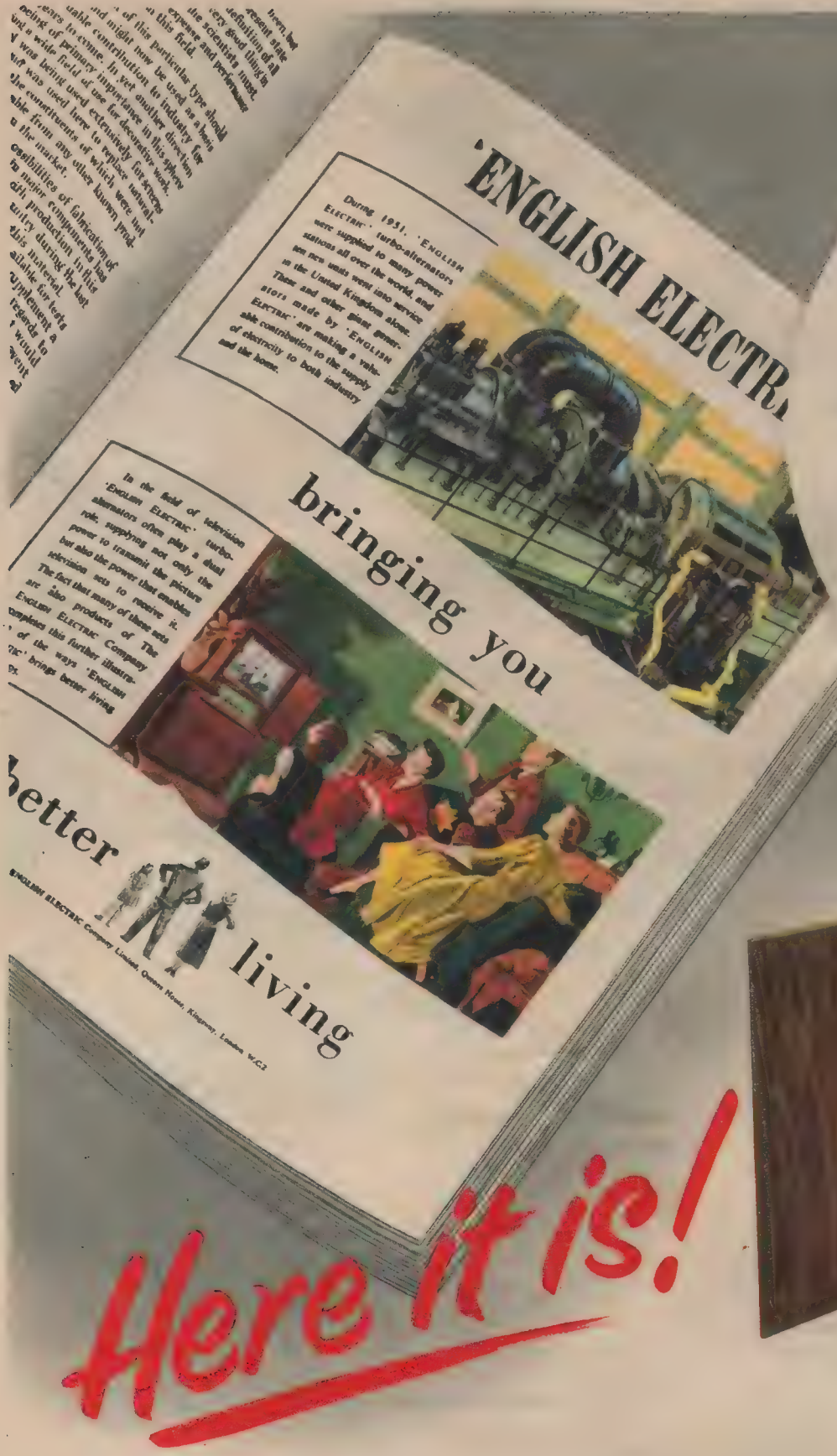
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Richard's fortune would come to him. After all, he was the only surviving Abernethie.

Yes, she was afraid Timothy *would* be annoyed. And that was so bad for his digestion. There were times when he seemed to lose his sense of proportion. . . . She wondered if she ought to speak to Dr. Barton about it. Those sleeping pills—Timothy had been taking far too many of them lately. There certainly weren't as many left in the bottle as there ought to be. . . .

Helen Abernethie sat by the fire in the green drawing-room waiting for Maude to come down to dinner. She looked round her, remembering old days here with Leo and the others. It had been a happy house. But a house like this needed *people*. It needed children and servants and big meals and plenty of roaring fires in winter.

Who would buy it, she wondered? Probably it would be pulled down, and the whole estate built over. It made her sad to think of that. This house, and happy days here, and Richard, and Leo . . . all that was good, but it was over. Now, with the income Richard had left her, she would be able to keep up the villa in Cyprus and do all the things she had planned to do.

How worried she had been lately over money, taxation, all those investments going wrong. Now, thanks to Richard's money, all that was over.

Poor Richard. To die in his sleep like that had been really a great mercy. *Suddenly on the twenty-second*—she supposed that that was what had put the idea into Cora's head. Really, Cora was outrageous! She always had been. Helen remembered meeting her once abroad, soon after her marriage to Pierre Lansquenet. She had been particularly foolish and fatuous that day, twisting her head sideways and making dogmatic statements about painting.

HELEN'S gaze rested absently on a bouquet of wax flowers that stood on a round malachite table. Cora had been sitting beside it when they had all been sitting round waiting to start for the church. She had been full of reminiscences and delighted recognitions of various things and was clearly so pleased at being back in her old home that she had completely lost sight of the reason for which they were assembled.

"*But he* was *murdered, wasn't he?*"

The faces all round, startled, shocked, staring at her! Such a variety of expressions there must have been on those faces. And suddenly, seeing the picture clearly in her mind, Helen frowned.

There was something wrong with that picture. Something? . . . Somebody? . . . Was it an expression on someone's face? Something that—how could she put it?—ought not to have been there?

She didn't know . . . she couldn't place it . . . but there had been something, somewhere—*wrong*.

Meanwhile, in the buffet at Swindon, a lady in wispy mourning and festoons of jet was eating bath buns and drinking tea and looking forward to the future. She had no premonitions of disaster. She was happy.

These cross-country journeys were certainly tiring. It would have been easier to get back to Lytchett St. Mary via London—and not so very much more expensive. Ah, but expense didn't matter now. Still, she would have had to travel with the family—probably having to talk all the way. Too much of an effort.

How smug people were—and what hypocrites! All those faces—when she'd said that about murder! The way they'd all looked at her! Well, it had been the right thing to say. She nodded her head in satisfied approval of herself. Yes, it had been the right thing to do.

She glanced up at the clock. Five minutes before her train went. She drank up her tea. Not very good tea. She made a grimace.

For a moment or two she sat dreaming. Dreaming of the future unfolding before her. She smiled like a happy child. She was really going to enjoy herself at last. She went out to the branch-line train, busily making plans.

* * *

Mr. Entwhistle passed a very restless night. He felt so tired and so unwell in the morning that he did not get up. His sister, who kept house for him, brought up his breakfast on a tray and explained to him severely how wrong he had been to go gadding off to the north of England at his age and in his frail state of health.

Mr. Entwhistle contented himself with saying that Richard Abernethie had been a very old friend.

"Funerals!" said his sister with deep disapproval. "Funerals are absolutely fatal for a man of your age! You'll be taken off as suddenly as your precious Mr. Abernethie was if you don't take more care of yourself."

The word "suddenly" made Mr. Entwhistle wince. It also silenced him. He did not argue.

He was well aware of what had made him flinch at the word. Cora Lansquenet! What she had suggested was definitely quite impossible, but all the same he would like to find out exactly why she had suggested it. Yes, he would go down to Lytchett St. Mary and see her. He could pretend that it was business connected with probate. No need to let her guess that he had paid any attention to her silly remark.

IT was about a quarter to six that evening when his telephone rang. He picked it up. The voice at the other end of the wire was that of James Parrott, the present second partner of Bollard, Entwhistle, Entwhistle and Bollard.

"Look here, Entwhistle," said Mr. Parrott, "I've just been rung up by the police from a place called Lytchett St. Mary."

"Lytchett St. Mary?"

"Yes. It seems . . ." Mr. Parrott paused a moment. He seemed embarrassed. "It's about a Mrs. Cora Lansquenet. Wasn't she one of the heirs of the Abernethie estate?"

"Yes, of course. I saw her at the funeral yesterday," said Mr. Entwhistle.

"Oh! She was at the funeral, was she?"

"Yes. What about her?"

"Well—" Mr. Parrott sounded apologetic, "She's—it's really *most* extraordinary — she's been — well — *murdered*."

"*Murdered?*"

"Yes—yes—I'm afraid so."

"How did the police get on to us?"

"Her companion, or housekeeper, or whatever she is—a Miss Gilchrist. The police asked for the name of her nearest relative or of her solicitors. She put them on to us."

"What makes them think she was murdered?" demanded Mr. Entwhistle.

Mr. Parrott sounded apologetic again. "Oh well, it seems there can't be any doubt about *that*. I mean, it was a hatchet or something of that kind—a very violent sort of crime."

"Robbery?"

"That's the idea. A window smashed and there are some trinkets missing and drawers pulled out and all that, but the police seem to think there might be something odd about it."

"What time did it happen?"

"Between two and four this afternoon."

"Where was the housekeeper?"

"Changing library books in Reading. She got back about five o'clock and found Mrs. Lansquenet dead. The police want to know if we've any idea of who could have been likely to attack her. I said," Mr. Parrott's voice sounded outraged, "that I thought it was a most unlikely thing to happen."

"Yes, of course."

"It *must* have been some half-witted local oaf—who thought there might have been something to steal and then lost his head and attacked her. That must be it—eh, don't you think so, Entwhistle?"

"Yes, yes. . . ." Mr. Entwhistle spoke absentmindedly.

Parrott was right, he told himself. That was what must have happened. But uncomfortably he heard Cora's voice saying brightly: "*But he* was *murdered, wasn't he?*"

* * *

Mr. Entwhistle and Inspector Morton looked at each other appraisingly. In his neat, precise manner, Mr. Entwhistle had placed at the inspector's disposal all the relevant facts about Cora Lansquenet: her upbringing, her marriage, her widowhood, her financial position, her relatives.

"Mr. Timothy Abernethie is her only surviving brother and her next of kin, but he is a recluse and an invalid, and is quite unable to leave home. He has empowered me to act for him and to make all necessary arrangements."

The inspector nodded. It was a relief for him to have this shrewd, elderly solicitor to deal with. He said: "I understand from Miss Gilchrist that Mrs. Lansquenet had been north, to the funeral of an elder brother, on the day before her death?"

"That is so, Inspector. I myself was there."

"There was nothing unusual in her manner? Nothing strange—or apprehensive?"

Mr. Entwhistle raised his eyebrows in well-simulated surprise. "I don't think I quite understand you, Inspector."

"It's not a very easy case to understand, Mr. Entwhistle. Say someone watched the Gilchrist woman come out of the house at about two o'clock and go along to the village and the bus stop. This someone then deliberately takes the hatchet that was lying by the woodshed, smashes the kitchen window with it, gets into the house, goes upstairs, attacks Mrs. Lansquenet with the hatchet—and attacks her savagely. Six or eight blows were struck." Mr. Entwistle flinched. "Oh, yes, quite a brutal crime. Then the intruder pulls out a few drawers, scoops up a few trinkets, worth perhaps a tenner in all, and clears off."

"She was in bed?"

"Yes. It seems she returned late from the north the night before, exhausted and very excited. She'd come into a legacy as I understand?"

"Yes."

"She slept very badly and woke with a terrible headache. She had several cups of tea and took some dope for her head and then told Miss Gilchrist not to disturb her till lunchtime. She felt no better and decided to take two sleeping pills. She then sent Miss Gilchrist into Reading by the bus to change some library books. She'd have been drowsy, if not already asleep, when this man broke in. He could have taken what he wanted by means of threats or he could easily have gagged her. A hatchet, deliberately taken up with him from outside, seems excessive. And everything seems to show that she was lying on her side sleeping peacefully when she was attacked."

MR. ENTWHISTLE shifted uneasily in his chair. "One does hear of these brutal and rather senseless murders," he pointed out.

"Oh yes, yes, that's probably what it will turn out to be. There's an alert out for any suspicious character. The locals are all accounted for satisfactorily. Most people are at work at that time of day. Of course, her cottage is up a lane outside the village proper. Anyone could get there easily without being seen."

The inspector pushed across his desk a trefoil-shaped brooch with small pearls, a brooch set with amethysts, a small string of seed pearls, and a garnet bracelet. "These are the things that were taken from her jewel box. They were found just outside the house, shoved into a bush."

Mr. Entwhistle frowned. "That *is* rather curious," he said. "Perhaps if her assailant was frightened at what he had done. . . . Or they may have been taken only as a blind."

"Yes, several possibilities. . . . Of course, this Gilchrist woman could have done it. Two women living alone together—you never know what quarrels or resentments or passions may have been aroused. Oh, yes, we're taking that possibility into consideration as well. But it doesn't seem very likely. From all accounts they seemed to be on quite

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Folding boot scraper

AN old six-inch door hinge became an efficient boot scraper after I screwed it firmly to the side of my garden shed. When not in use, it can be folded back out of the way.—E. M. MARTIN, Walstead, Lindfield, Sussex.

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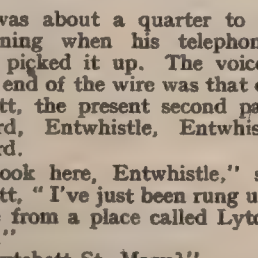

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*

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amicable terms." He paused before going on. "According to you, nobody stands to gain by Mrs. Lansquenet's death?"

The lawyer shifted uneasily. "I didn't quite say that. She had no power to dispose of the legacy—it was interest from capital on trust. Now that she is dead, the capital will be divided among the five other beneficiaries of Richard Abernethie's will."

The inspector shrugged. "I doubt if there's much motive there. We must look elsewhere."

"When did Miss Gilchrist find the body?"

"Not until just about five o'clock. She came back from Reading by the four-fifty bus. She let herself in by the front door, and went into the kitchen and put the kettle on for tea. She noticed the kitchen window; the glass was all over the floor, but she thought it might have been done by a boy with a ball or a catapult. Then she went upstairs and peeped very gently into Mrs. Lansquenet's room to see if she were asleep. Of course, she let loose, shrieked, and rushed down the lane to the nearest neighbour. Her story seems perfectly consistent and there was no trace of blood in her room or in the bathroom, or on her clothes. No, I don't think Miss Gilchrist had anything to do with it. The doctor got there at half-past five. He puts the time of death not later than four o'clock—and probably much nearer two o'clock, so it looks as though whoever it was, was hanging round waiting for Miss Gilchrist to leave the cottage."

The lawyer's face twitched slightly. Inspector Morton said, after a moment: "The body's at the mortuary. If you would like to see it——"

Mr. Entwhistle assented, though with no enthusiasm.

Some few minutes later he stood looking down at the mortal remains of Cora Lansquenet. She had been savagely attacked and the henna-dyed fringe was clotted and stiffened with blood. Mr. Entwhistle's lips tightened and he looked away queasily.

Poor little Cora. What rosy anticipations she must have had of the future. What a lot of silly things she could have done—and enjoyed doing—with the money.

Such a ridiculous thing that she had said. Ridiculous! Quite ridiculous. Much too ridiculous to mention to Inspector Morton. Of course, after he had seen Miss Gilchrist. . . . Supposing that Miss Gilchrist, although it was unlikely, could throw any light on what Richard had said to Cora. . . .

"*I thought from what he said*——" What *had* Richard said?

I must see Miss Gilchrist at once, said Mr. Entwhistle to himself.

MISS GILCHRIST was a spare, faded-looking woman with short, iron-grey hair. She had one of those indeterminate faces that women around fifty so often acquire.

She greeted Mr. Entwhistle warmly. "I'm *so* glad you have come, Mr. Entwhistle. I really know *so little* about Mrs. Lansquenet's family, and, of course, I've never, never had anything to do with *murder* before. It's too dreadful!"

Following her into the sitting-room, Mr. Entwhistle was conscious of a strong smell of oil paint. The cottage was overcrowded, less by furniture than by pictures. The walls were covered with pictures, mostly very dark and dirty oil paintings.

"Mrs. Lansquenet used to buy them at sales," Miss Gilchrist explained. "It was a great interest to her, poor dear. She went to all the sales round about. I used to do water colours myself as a girl and I heard a lot of talk about paintings and that made it nice for Mrs. Lansquenet to have someone she could talk to about painting and who'd understand. Poor dear soul, she cared so much about artistic things."

"You were fond of her?"

"Oh, *yes*," said Miss Gilchrist. "We got on *very* well together. In some ways, you know, Mrs. Lansquenet was just like a child. She said anything that came into her head. I don't know that her *judgment* was always very good."

Mr. Entwhistle said: "She was not

"I have some excellent references as a filing clerk — *somewhere* in here . . ."

in any sense an intellectual woman."

"No—no—perhaps not. But she was very shrewd, Mr. Entwhistle. Really very shrewd. It quite surprised me sometimes—how she managed to hit the nail on the head."

Mr. Entwhistle looked at Miss Gilchrist with more interest. He thought that she was no fool herself. "You were with Mrs. Lansquenet for some years, I think?"

"Three and a half."

"You—er—acted as companion and also did the—er—well—looked after the house?"

It was evident that he had touched on a delicate subject. Miss Gilchrist flushed a little.

"Oh yes, indeed. I did most of the cooking—I *quite* enjoy cooking—and did some dusting and light housework. None of the *rough*, of course."

Miss Gilchrist's tone expressed a firm principle. Mr. Entwhistle, who had no idea what "the rough" was, made a soothing murmur.

"Mrs. Panter from the village came in for that. Twice a week regularly. You see, Mr. Entwhistle, I could not have contemplated being in any way a *servant*. When my little teashop failed—such a disaster—it was the war, you know. A delightful place. I called it the Willow Tree and all the china was blue willow pattern—sweetly pretty—and the cakes *really* good. I've always had a hand with cakes and scones. Yes, I was doing really well and then the war came and supplies were cut down and the whole thing went bankrupt. I lost the little money my father left me and, of course, I had to look round for something to do. I'd never been trained for anything. So I came to Mrs. Lansquenet and we suited each other from the start—her husband being an artist and everything."

SHE came to a breathless stop. Mr. Entwhistle said quickly: "I am in possession of all the main facts from Inspector Morton. But if it would not distress you too much to give me your own account? Did Mrs. Lansquenet talk about the funeral at all?"

"Just a little. She told me that the church had been quite full and lots and lots of flowers—oh! and she said that she was sorry not to have seen her other brother—Timothy, was it?"

"Yes, Timothy. She said nothing else that you can remember specially?"

"She had no *premonition*, Mr. Entwistle, if that is what you mean. I'm sure of that. She was really, you know, in remarkably good spirits—apart from tiredness and the—the sad occasion. She asked me how I'd like to go to Capri. To Capri! Of course, I said it would be too wonderful—it's a thing I'd never dreamed I'd ever do—and she said, 'We'll go!' Just like that. Poor dear. Well, I'm glad she had the pleasure of planning—at all events." Miss Gilchrist sighed and murmured wistfully: "I don't suppose I shall ever go to Capri now. . . ."

"And the next morning?" Mr. Entwhistle prompted, oblivious of Miss Gilchrist's disappointments.

"The next morning Mrs. Lansquenet wasn't at all well. Really, she looked dreadful. She'd hardly slept at all, she told me. She had her breakfast in bed, and she didn't get up all the morning, but at lunchtime she told me she still hadn't been able to sleep. 'I feel so restless,' she said. 'I keep thinking of things and wondering.' And then she said she'd take some sleeping tablets and try and get a good sleep in the afternoon. And she wanted me to go over by bus to Reading and change her two library books. So I went off just after two, and that—and that—was the last time——"

BREAKING off, Miss Gilchrist began to sniff. "She must have been asleep. She wouldn't have heard anything and the inspector assures me that she didn't suffer. He thinks the first blow killed her. Oh, dear, it makes me quite sick even to *think* of it!"

"Please, please. I've no wish to take you any farther over what happened." He paused before asking his next question. He wanted to be careful not to lead the witness. "She did not mention any of her relatives in particular?"

"No, no, I don't think so."

"She did not speak at all about her brother's decease—the cause of it?"

"No. He'd been ill for some time, I think," said Miss Gilchrist vaguely, "though I must say I was surprised to hear it. He looked so very vigorous."

Mr. Entwhistle said quickly: "You saw him—when?"

"When he came down here to see Mrs. Lansquenet. Let me see—that was about three weeks ago. She hadn't seen him for years, she told me. It quite upset her, seeing him again, and probably realizing how ill he was——"

"She knew that he was ill?"

"Oh yes, I remember quite well. Because I wondered—only in my own mind, you understand—if perhaps Mr. Abernethie might be suffering from softening of the brain. An aunt of mine——"

Mr. Entwhistle deftly sidetracked the aunt.

"Something Mrs. Lansquenet said caused you to think of softening of the brain?"

"Yes. Mrs. Lansquenet said something like 'Poor Richard. Mortimer's death must have aged him a lot. He sounds quite senile. All these fancies about persecution and that someone is poisoning him. Old people get like that.' And, of course, as I knew, that is only *too* true. This aunt that I was telling you about . . ."

Mr. Entwhistle listened to the saga of Miss Gilchrist's aunt with deaf ears. He was very much disturbed. Richard

Abernethie had not been senile. He had been in full possession of his faculties. He was not the man to have persecution mania in any form.

It seemed extraordinary that he should have spoken to his sister in the terms that he had. But perhaps Cora, with her odd, childlike shrewdness, had read between the lines and had crossed the t's and dotted the i's.

He left it at that. Miss Gilchrist, he thought, knew more than she had told him. And after making certain further arrangements, he took his leave. He insisted on Miss Gilchrist's accepting a small sum in cash to defray present expenses and told her he would communicate with her again, and in the meantime he would be grateful if she would stay on at the cottage while she was looking about for a new post.

There was a personal call for Mr. Entwhistle at home that evening. Taking it, he heard Maude Abernethie's voice at the other end.

"Thank goodness I've got hold of you at last! Timothy has been in the most terrible state. This news about Cora has upset him dreadfully."

"Quite understandable," said Mr. Entwhistle.

"With a hatchet, the papers say. It seems *quite* incredible to me," said Maude, "I am really *very* worried about Timothy. It's so bad for him, all this. I've got him to bed now but he insists on my persuading you to come up and see him. He wants to know a hundred things—whether there will be an inquest, and who ought to attend, and how soon after that the funeral can take place, and where, and what funds there are, and if Cora expressed any wishes about being cremated or what, and if she left a will——"

Mr. Entwhistle interrupted before the catalogue got too long. "There is a will, yes. She left Timothy her executor, but the firm will attend to all the necessary business. The will's very simple. She left her own sketches and an amethyst brooch to her companion, Miss Gilchrist, and everything else to Susan."

"To Susan? Now I wonder why? I don't believe she ever saw Susan—not since she was a baby, anyway."

"I imagine that it was because Susan was reported to have made a marriage not wholly pleasing to the family. At all events, I doubt if there will be more than five hundred pounds, after the debts are paid." He went on: "There will have to be an inquest, of course. That is fixed for next Thursday. I'm afraid it may attract some notoriety owing to the—er—circumstances."

"How very unpleasant! And *so* bad for Timothy. I suppose you couldn't possibly come down here, Mr. Entwhistle? I should be *most* grateful if you could. I think Timothy's mind might be set at rest if you were here to reassure him."

Mr. Entwhistle was silent for a moment. The invitation was not unwelcome. "There is something in what you say," he admitted. "And I shall need Timothy's signature as executor to certain documents. Yes, I think it might be quite a good thing."

"That is splendid. I am so relieved. Tomorrow? And you'll stay the night? The best train is the eleven-twenty from St. Pancras."

"It will have to be an afternoon train, I'm afraid. I have," said Mr. Entwistle, "other business in the morning."

GEORGE CROSSFIELD greeted Mr. Entwhistle heartily but with, perhaps, a shade of surprise. Mr. Entwhistle said, in an explanatory way, although it really explained nothing: "I've just come up from Lytchett St. Mary."

"Aunt Cora? What an insane business! Why, the amount of cash taken really seems quite pitifully inadequate."

"The value of money is always relative," said Mr. Entwhistle. "It is the need that counts."

"Yes—yes, I suppose you're right."

"If you need ten pounds desperately—then fifteen is more than adequate. And inversely also. If your need is for a hundred pounds, forty-five would be worse than useless."

George said with a sudden flicker of the eyes: "I'd say *any* money came in useful these days. Everyone's hard up."

"But not *desperate*," Mr. Entwhistle pointed out. "It's the desperation that counts." He paused and went on, "It will be a little time before the estate is settled. Would it be convenient for you to have an advance?"

"As a matter of fact, I was going to raise the subject. However, I saw the bank this morning and referred them to you and they were quite obliging about an overdraft."

Again there came that flicker in George's eyes, and Mr. Entwhistle, from the depths of his experience, recognized it. George, he felt certain, had been, if not desperate, then in very sore straits for money. He knew, at that moment, what he had felt subconsciously all along; that in money matters he would not trust George. He wondered if old Richard Abernethie, who also had had great experience in judging men, had felt that.

PERHAPS misinterpreting the old lawyer's silence, George said with an uneasy laugh: "Truth is, I've not been very lucky with my investments lately. I took a bit of a risk and it didn't come off. More or less cleaned me out. But I'll be able to recoup myself now. All one needs is a bit of capital."

Mr. Entwhistle wondered if by any chance George had been speculating with money that belonged to clients and not with his own. If George had been in danger of criminal prosecution. . . .

Mr. Entwhistle said precisely: "I tried to reach you the day after the funeral, but I suppose you weren't in the office."

"Did you? They never told me. As a matter of fact I went to Hurst Park. Backed two winners. It never rains but it pours! If your luck's in, it's in. Only fifty quid, but it all helps."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Entwhistle. "It all helps. And there will now be an additional sum coming to you as a result of your Aunt Cora's death."

George looked concerned. "Poor old girl," he said. "It does seem rotten luck, doesn't it? Probably just when she was all set to enjoy herself."

"Let us hope the police will find the person responsible for her death," said Mr. Entwhistle.

"I expect they'll get him all right. They're good, our police. They round up all the undesirables in the neighbourhood and go through 'em with a fine-tooth comb—make them account for their actions at the time it happened."

"Not so easy if a little time has elapsed," said Mr. Entwhistle. He gave a wintry little smile that indicated he was about to make a joke. "I myself was in Hatchard's bookshop at three-thirty on the day in question. Should I remember that if I were questioned by the police in ten days' time? I very much doubt it. And you, George, you were at Hurst Park. Would you remember which day you went to the races—in, say, a month's time?"

"Oh I could fix it by the funeral—the day after."

"True—true. And then you backed a couple of winners. Another aid to memory. One seldom forgets the name of a horse on which one has won money. Which were they, by the way?"

"Let me see. Gaymarck and Frogg II. Yes, I shan't forget them in a hurry."

Mr. Entwhistle gave his dry little cackle of laughter and took his leave.

* * *

"It's lovely to see you, of course," said Rosamund without any marked enthusiasm. "But it's frightfully early in the morning." It was, in fact, eleven o'clock. "We had the hell of a party last night. Michael's got a terrible hangover still."

Michael appeared at this moment, also yawning. He had a cup of black coffee in his hand and was wearing a very smart dressing-gown. He looked haggard and attractive—and his smile had the usual charm. Rosamund was wearing a black skirt, a rather dirty yellow pullover, and nothing else as far as Mr. Entwhistle could judge.

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OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

not approve at all of the young Shanes' way of living—the rather ramshackle flat on the first floor of a Chelsea house, the bottles and glasses and cigarette ends that lay about in profusion, the stale air, and the general air of dust and dishevelment.

In the midst of this discouraging setting, Rosamund and Michael bloomed with their wonderful good looks. They were certainly a very handsome couple and they seemed, Mr. Entwhistle thought, very fond of each other. Rosamund was certainly adoringly fond of Michael.

"I have just come back from Lytchett St. Mary," said Mr. Entwhistle.

"Then it *was* Aunt Cora who was murdered!" Rosamund cried. "They absolutely wouldn't believe it last night when I told them that the murder with the hatchet in the paper was actually *my* aunt! They just laughed, didn't they, Michael?"

MICHAEL SHANE did not reply, and Rosamund, with every appearance of enjoyment, said: "Two murders one after the other. It's a bit much, isn't it?"

"Don't be a fool, Rosamund, your Uncle Richard wasn't murdered."

"Well, Cora thought he was."

Mr. Entwhistle intervened to ask: "You came back to London after the funeral, didn't you?"

"Yes, we came back by the same train as you did."

"Of course—of course. I ask because I tried to get hold of you"—he shot a quick glance at the telephone—"on the following day. Several times, in fact, but I couldn't get an answer."

"Oh dear—I'm sorry. What were we doing that day, Michael? The day before yesterday. We were here until about twelve, weren't we? And then you went to try and get hold of Rosenhein and you went on to lunch with Oscar and I went out to see if I could get some nylons. I was to meet Janet but we missed each other. Yes, I had a lovely afternoon shopping—and then we dined at the Castile. We got back here about ten o'clock, I suppose."

"About that," said Michael. He was looking thoughtfully at Mr. Entwhistle. "What did you want to get hold of us for, sir?"

"Oh! Just some points that had arisen about Richard Abernethie's estate—papers to sign and so on."

Rosamund asked: "I suppose we can get an advance, can't we? Actually, it's terribly important. Because of the new play."

"It will be quite easy to advance you some money," said Mr. Entwhistle. "As much as you need."

"Then that's all right." Rosamund gave a sigh of relief. "I don't suppose you'd care for a teeny sip of champagne to start the day, Mr. Entwhistle?"

Mr. Entwhistle said that he wouldn't.

* * *

Mr. Entwhistle studied Susan Banks as she leant forward across the table, talking in her animated manner.

None of the loveliness of Rosamund here. But it was an attractive face and its attraction lay, Mr. Entwhistle decided, in its vitality. The curves of the mouth, the curves of the body, were rich and full. Yet in many ways Susan reminded him of her uncle, Richard Abernethie. The shape of her head, the line of her jaw, the deep-set, reflective eyes. She had the same kind of dominant personality that Richard had had, the same driving energy, the same farsightedness and forthright judgment.

Had Richard recognized in Susan a kindred spirit to his own? Mr. Entwhistle thought he must have done. And yet, in his will, he had made no distinction in her favour. Distrustful, as Mr. Entwhistle believed, of George, passing over that lovely dimwit, Rosamund, could he not have found in Susan what he was seeking—an heir of his own mettle?

If not, the cause must be—yes, it followed logically—the husband. . . .

Mr. Entwhistle's eyes slid gently over Susan's shoulder to where Gregory Banks stood absently whittling at a pencil.

A thin, pale, nondescript young man with reddish, sandy hair. So overshadowed by Susan's colourful personality that it was difficult to realize what he himself was really like. There was something vaguely disquieting about the unobtrusiveness of Gregory Banks. He had been an unsuitable match—yet Susan had insisted on marrying him, had overborne all opposition. It was plain that for her the world revolved around Greg.

SUSAN was talking with emphasis and indignation. "Do you mean the police have no idea *at all* of who it might be?"

"That I couldn't say," Mr. Entwhistle replied mildly. "Not as far as I know. But they would hardly confide in me—and it's early days yet."

"It's definitely got to be a certain kind of person," Susan mused. "A brutal, perhaps slightly half-witted type—one has to have a motive for murder unless one is half-witted."

Mr. Entwhistle gave a little chuckle. "As far as one can see, the only person who had a motive is *you*, my dear Susan."

"What's that?" Greg moved forward suddenly. He was like a sleeper

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Modern hair and wool felted carpeting. Soft and luxurious to the feet, pleasing to the eye, it will last and wear well. Resilient, non-slip, sprayed rubber base, which is moth and damp resisting. Needs no stitching and no underfelt. Will not fray. Grade 1, Granted GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEAL OF GUARANTEE. COLOURS: Green, Beige, Brown, Red, Blue, Rust, Rose Pink, Grey. Also 3 delightful new shades: Mottle Green, Mottle Blue, Mottle Cherry.
PINDI STORES (Dept. J.B.20), 373 & 375 Uxbridge Road, Acton, W.3
FRY & COWELL (Pindisports) LTD. **or 38 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4**

EXTRA LARGE ALL WOOL **TRAVEL RUGS**
Formerly 3 gns NOW Half Price **28/6**
Extra large, luxurious, all wool rugs, approx. 6 ft. x 5 ft. plus 4½ in. hand-made fringe. Attractive overchecks in Brown, Green or Navy. *(Second choice please.)* Ideal as spare blankets, car rugs, school rugs, invalid rugs. *(Post & pack., one or more, 1/6)*
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SEND TO THE MILL FOR YOUR WOOLS and get full value for your money
COMPARE THESE PRICES

3-Ply Sports - Per oz.	11d.
3-Ply Double Knitting Per oz.	1/1
2-Ply Shetland - Per oz.	1/1
4-Ply Sock Mixtures Per oz.	1/2
3-Ply Super Botany Per oz.	1/5
2-Ply Non-shrink Botany Per oz.	1/5
3-Ply Non-shrink Baby Wool Per oz.	1/6
6-Ply Rug Per lb.	6/6 and 8/6

FREE SHADE CARD on Request
From MAIL ORDER WOOLS LTD. (Dept. J.B.) Bere Mills, Manchester Rd., Bradford, Yorks.

14 Days FREE TRIAL
The FAMOUS **REMINGTON CONTOUR 6 Electric Dry Shaver** for only **20/- Deposit**
Six Diamond-honed Heads to fit every type of beard. Fully Suppressed, Highly Efficient Motor. 210/250 volts A.C./D.C. in Presentation Case. Cash £8.19.5 or 20/- Deposit and 8 Monthly Payments of 21/-. Deposit refunded if not approved.
J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.9) 94-104 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

CONQUER THAT STOOP with the "SUPA" ELASTIC SHOULDER BRACE (Adjustable). Keeps Chest Expanded, Head Up and Shoulders Square. For either sex of all ages. State height and size round chest and waist Combined with Elastic Waist Belt, etc. as illustrated, 12/6. "De-luxe" Model, in Extra Strong Elastic 17/6. Money Back Guarantee. Post 6d. *C.O.D. 1/6 extra.* Also BODY BELTS, etc. LIST FREE from R. & H. G. HARRISON (Dept. Y), 26 Saltaire Road, Shipley, Yorks.

SPIRAL SPRING DIVANS
Strong all metal Divans. Newest model with rounded corners, detachable legs. Brand new and full length, 6 ft. 2 ins.
Britain's Best Value

2 ft. 6 ins. ..	£2.10.0
3 ft. 0 ins. ..	£2.16.0
3 ft. 6 ins. ..	£3. 2.6
4 ft. 0 ins. ..	£3. 7.6
4 ft. 6 ins. ..	£3.12.6

Fine Carriage 2/6 each England and Wales, 5/- each Scotland.
OVERLAYS TO FIT (in size: as divans) £2.5.0, £2.10.0, £2.17.6, £3.7.6, £3.11.6. *Carriage paid E. & W., Scotland 3/6.*
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LACE EDGE TRAY CLOTHS
EXPORT SURPLUS
Beautiful Quality, approx. 12 in. x 18 in. Traced to embroider in Cross Stitch and Lazy Daisy designs. Satisfaction or money refunded.

BRAND NEW *Winceyette* **PYJAMAS** 10/11
EX-MINISTRY STOCK
Absolutely Brand New but straight from the Government bales and therefore slightly creased. You can buy these warm pyjamas for 10/11d. only. Post, etc., 1/-. Popular striped Winceyette material which lasts for years. Remember prices are soaring so DO NOT miss this remarkable offer. State Chest measurement. 3 Pairs for 32/6d. Post free.
FREE LISTS Binoculars, Watches, Tents. TERMS.
HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES Ltd. (Dept. J.B.32), 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, Loughborough June., London, S.E.5 *Open all Sat.*

coming awake. An ugly light showed in his eyes. He was suddenly no longer a negligible feature in the background. "What's Sue got to do with it? What do you mean—saying things like that?"

Susan said sharply: "Shut up, Greg. Mr. Entwhistle doesn't mean anything——"

"Just my little joke," said Mr. Entwhistle apologetically. "Not in the best taste, I'm afraid. As you know, Cora left her estate, such as it was, to you, Susan. But to a young lady who has just inherited several hundred thousand pounds, an estate amounting at the most to a few hundreds can hardly be said to represent a motive for murder."

"I suppose I ought to go down there," Susan said. "And look over what there is. Is anybody there now?"

"I have arranged for Miss Gilchrist to remain there until further notice," said Mr. Entwhistle.

He prepared to leave, gazing round him at the cramped sitting-room of the tiny flat. Greg and Susan were evidently hard up.

"What are your plans for the future, if I may ask?"

"I've got my eye on some premises in Cardigan Street. I suppose, if necessary, you can advance me some money? I may have to pay a deposit."

"That can be managed," said Mr. Entwhistle. "I rang you up the day after the funeral several times—but could get no answer. I thought perhaps you might care for an advance. I wondered whether you might perhaps have gone out of town."

"Oh, no," said Susan quickly. "We were in all day. Both of us. We didn't go out at all."

Greg said, gently: "You know, Susan, I think our telephone might have been out of order that day. You remember how I couldn't get through to Hard and Co. in the afternoon? I meant to report it, but it was all right the next morning."

"Telephones," said Mr. Entwhistle, "can be very unreliable sometimes."

As Mr. Entwhistle settled into a taxi, he put a neat, mental tick against the names of Susan and Greg. Of those concerned, only Helen—Mrs. Leo—and Timothy and Maude remained to be seen. And he was going to Timothy's place tomorrow afternoon; another long journey to the north; too much for an old man.

When he reached home at last, Mr. Entwhistle picked up the telephone and dialled. He had not meant to make this call until he had seen everybody concerned, but—the thought he had had in the taxi returned—he was an old man, and Timothy's place was a long way away. He would be glad to get it off his chest.

"Hallo," he said. "Is Monsieur Hercule Poirot there?"

To be continued next week

LIFE WITH MOTHER

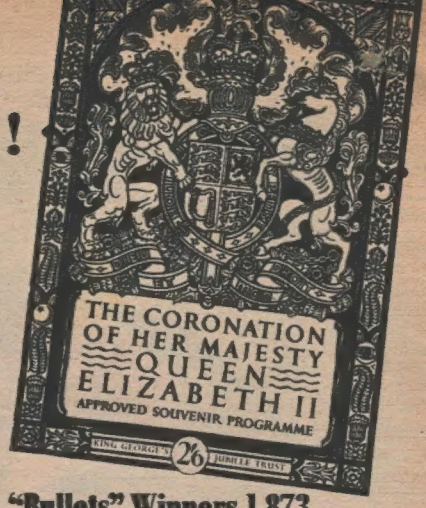
Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 22. The girl is Barbara Lyon, seen at a film première in London's West End with her famous mother, Bebe Daniels.

YOU CAN BE THERE on JUNE 2!

MILLIONS of loyal Britons will line London's pavements on Coronation Day to cheer the Queen on her way. But you and your family, as JOHN BULL's guests, can watch in comfort the majestic and moving spectacle of the Coronation procession.

Everybody, of course, will soon be buying that approved Coronation Programme (on right) to help King George's Jubilee Trust. But as this week's £500 winner, *your* copy would be a souvenir of a glorious day in 1953 when you and your family helped to make British history.

Soon JOHN BULL will be preparing the invitations—up to twenty of them—for this *Bullets* Coronation Party. Post your coupon below by Monday, March 30, and £500 cash plus a *family* Coronation visit can be yours!



MORE CORONATION SEATS MUST BE WON!

£500 "Bullets" 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS Family CORONATION VISIT

With your £500 cheque comes JOHN BULL's invitation covering free travel, London hotel accommodation and reserved seats for Coronation Procession in premises booked exclusively for *Bullets* guests. Television service by EKCO; chicken and champagne lunch by famous caterers, many surprise extras. Invitation covers you, your companion and one or two children (or grandchildren) of your own, aged 10 upwards—for nights of Monday, June 1, and CORONATION DAY, June 2. Return home Wednesday, June 3.

1,569 OTHER PRIZES: £50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6

2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 2-in-1 CORONATION SURPRISE SOUVENIRS, 1,500 "Use-as-you-choose" Prizes

"SEASONS" as BONUSES A *Bullets* Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

CASH AND CORONATION CAKES

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 830**

1. Cyclist knows east wind is pretty rough when
7. Many thousands of people will do this to see the Coronation procession
8. You might find that there's this where you want to camp
9. Seems only to bring temporary relief
12. Many people associate one with hunting
13. A student who's this won't go far
14. Let's hope events don't mock Uno's reliance on

Down Clues

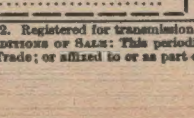
1. These letters are usually easier to read
2. A false one may jar at a party
3. Occasionally this of a railway ticket is altered
4. If you're over-anxious you'll be unlikely to do this
5. Long after being frightened you may well feel a bit this
6. Audience sometimes fails to realize how a good one has helped a variety act to do a good show
10. Such a house is likely to be difficult to sell
11. Old actor knows where to look for them

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25 among 1st Runners-up

CORONATION CAKES

All winners of prizes value £1 and over will receive, shortly before Coronation Day, an ICED and richly ornamented CELEBRATION CAKE.



Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 825 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Blister. 4, Villa. 5, Vogue. 8, Sloth. 9, Press. 10, Leader. 13, Ledge. 14, Wide. DOWN: 1, Born. 2, Shocks. 3, Catch. 6, Fires. 7, Wood. 11, Role. 12, Lag.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. M. Linton, 93 Crowborough Road, Southend, Essex. Winner also receives Coronation Cake.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 13 entrants, each of whom receives Coronation Cake in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

CORONATION CAKES EXCLUSIVELY for XWORDS

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 11.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1 B	I		I	2 N	G	■	3	■	4					
L	S	■	T	O	O	S	A	5 F	E					
	■	6	■			■	T	U	S					
7 C	R	A	■	E	■	8 E	N	T	■					
K	E	N	■	■	■	■	■	■	■					
■	■	9 D	10 O	■	E	■	■	Y	G					
11	■	■	■	■	C	R	■	■	R					
I	R	I	D	■	12 H	O	■	S	E					
G	O	■	■	W	O	E	■	H	E					
13 S	T	■	C	K	830	14	E	N						

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **830** Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 30

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Flower Of Peace
The Coronation
Truly Great
Patriotism's Flame
In This Age Of Marvels
Atom Warfare
Living On Love
A Bit Absent-minded
You Can Never Tell, So
With Unseemly Haste
Through The Barrier
When Grandpa Was At Sea
For Donkey's Years
A Mug
In Fine Fettle
Kicking And Struggling
Girl With A Smile
Music Hath Charms, But
Ravenous
At The Plumber's Wedding

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

A Woman's.....
Needs A New.....
To Complete The.....
Did A Lot Of.....
Belongs To.....
Whether He's ..... Or

"Bullets" Winners 1,873

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus £100 Shopping Challenge: F. Phillips, 2 Beachcroft Avenue, Southall, Middlesex:

No Good, Those Days Except As *Warning*—Farthing

£50: N. D. Martin, 120D Graham Street, Airdrie: SLOW AS IT IS—AMERICANS ENVY US *Coach*!

£25: Miss I. Beeby, 95 College Street, Irthlingborough: THEY HAVE THEIR TIFFS, BUT—NO "QUARREL" WITH *Marriage*.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: T. W. Marriott, 52 Dale Crescent, Patcham, Brighton: COMING OUT—OF FLOODS—RUSSIAN "DOVE"? £9: O. J. Rowson, 316 Franklin Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham: GENTLEMAN JOHN—IN SHIRT-SLEEVES—*Regaining* DIGNITY. £8: S. W. Bailey, 59 Kensington Road, King's Lynn: A SECOND ARMADA—EXPORTS—OR *Elizabethans* "SUNK." £7: C. L. Grieshaber, 126 Southampton Street, Reading: A SECOND FRONT—WOULDN'T PLEASE RUSSIA *Today*! £6: W. O'Toole, 97 Causeway Green Road, Oldbury: IN MRS. MOP'S THOUGHTS—*Sonny* "SWEEPING THE BOARD." £5: A. W. Maskell, 36 Sandy Hill Road, Plumstead, S.E.18: THEY HAVE THEIR WARS, BUT—BARBARIANS HAVEN'T "CULTURE" BOMBS! £5: A. E. Jones, 21 Fairmead Road, Liverpool: COMING OUT—OF SHELLS, EGG PROFITEERS?

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 50 Coronation Souvenirs and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been notified.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated April 18, and in JOHN BULL dated April 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 11, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,878 result.)

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,878 (or Xword 830) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....

B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

EX. .....

B. .....

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed..... **1,878** Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 30

Address.....

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MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 11. **691**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for *"Bulletin"*

Don't miss next week's TELEVISION OFFER!

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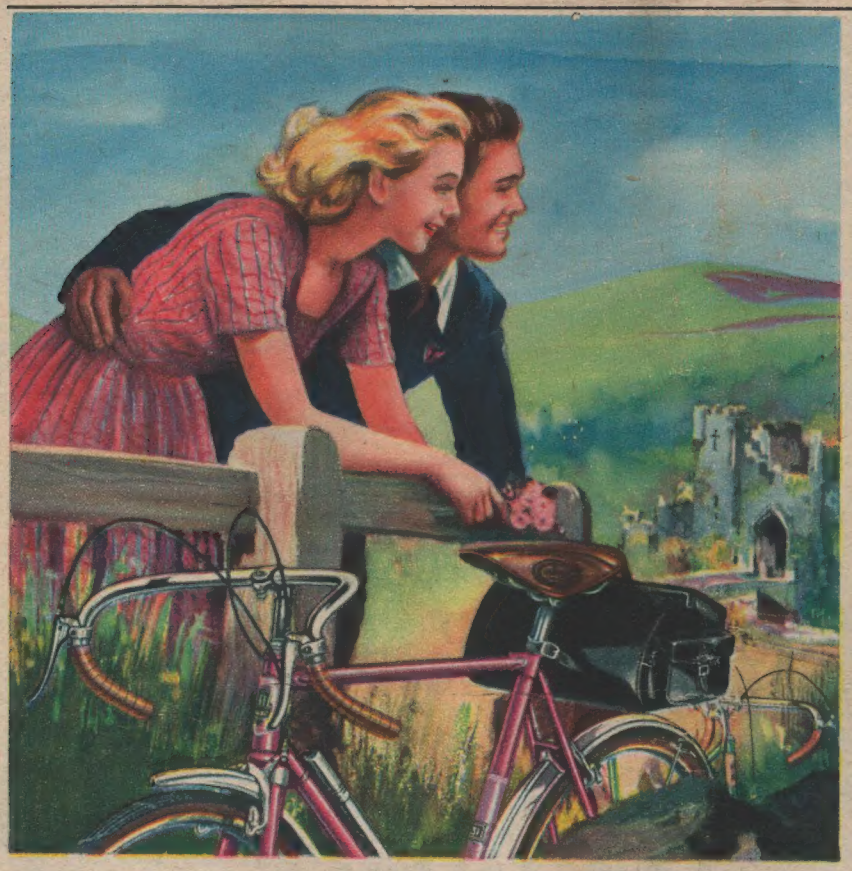

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